

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"It only requires a few resolute men" (says a Revolutionist) "to effect a Revolution anywhere"; and what is said of politics is thought by some to apply to language. At all events, from a firm of publishers in New York a circular has been issued which announces that a thorough change in our spelling will be effected if only "a hundred influential persons" can be got to agree to it, "in order to break the force of the criticism that may oppose." (This last sentence shows that grammar may be also included in the revolution, but that reform is for the present held over.) It is believed that about three hundred words can be thus transmogrified by printers and writers "without shocking the public overmuch." When the public has got accustomed to this, another step in advance will be taken, and in the meantime the firm has already reproduced a number of these forms in its publications, such as "tho," "catalog," and "program." But all the three hundred transmogrifications have the authority of the "American Philological and Spelling Reform Association." The list begins with "abrest" and ends with "yern"; and comprises "aw," "ax," "beuteous," "buxum," "endeavor," "ilness," "oger" (fancy an oger!), "graf," "thruout," and "triumfant." Ignorant and uneducated people often do spell like this already, so that, although they can scarcely be called eminent persons (though Sam Weller was among them), the new system will already find some followers ready-made. I do not think, however, it will be "triumfant," or that many "printers and writers" in this country will "yern" for it. Imagine anyone reading "Paradise Lost" in this orthography, which is, after all, only a bastard offspring of the old phonetic system.

The "Plaistow Horror," as I see some papers call it, will not increase the reputation of the "genus" boy. Such callousness has hardly ever been exhibited in an adult as, by their own confession, characterised these juvenile criminals. After one of them, with the other's cognisance, had murdered their mother, they spent a happy afternoon at Lord's. Many of us doubtless saw them there, applauding the proceedings with all the enthusiasm of youth. No one can guess what is in the mind of his brother, far less in that of a stranger. Tragedy may be at our very elbow while comedy is engaging our attention; but not the most accomplished player at the game of the Hundred Guesses—no, nor even if he had a thousand of them—could have hit upon what those boy spectators had been doing that morning. Let us hope the worst of the two may be shown to be irresponsible for his actions. The *Spectator* (by no means a judge distinguished for severity) remarks there is no one so callous and remorseless as a cruel boy. A similar illustration of it is reported from Algiers, where two elder brothers beat a younger one, as they thought, to death and cast him into a pit, where, finding he was still alive, they came every morning for a fortnight and threw stones at him. In all places and races there are the same ruthless natures, and far too little pains are taken in our educational system to amend them in the bud.

A new punishment has been invented in Pennsylvania for misbehaviour in church. Two young men playing with a revolver accidentally discharged it. They were offered the alternative of being prosecuted for the offence, or sitting in the pulpit with the minister during three extra services. The offenders, though obviously not attentive churchgoers, chose the latter. A more humorous though highly placed position is hardly to be imagined. It is doubtful whether they themselves were spiritually benefited, but it is satisfactory to learn that "the usual congregation of the church was largely increased."

What I admire—in the sense of wondering at above measure—in our late election proceedings is the power possessed by the orators on both sides of being eloquent upon the same subjects, and the patience of the people who listen to them. The flogging of dead horses is much less wicked, of course, than the flogging of live ones, but the practice is more incomprehensible. Parsons, it is whispered, preach the same sermons over and over again, but not to the same congregation, whereas the speeches of our politicians are addressed to ears that have heard them fifty times over. It is impossible that this can be necessary for conviction. An advocate often repeats the same argument twice, and even thrice, because he thinks the jury are thick-headed; but a wholesome fear lest the judge should say (as he did the other day), "Job may have deserved honourable mention, but it is I who have the record," restrains him within decent bounds. On the platform there is no limit to repetition. A great economy might have been effected in the newspapers of late if three-fourths of their contents had been stereotyped, and their readers would not have been a penny the worse in the way of political information. One would think they would "drop off gorged" after they had partaken of this *réchauffé* half-a-dozen times or so; but this is far from being the case. They inquire with apparent interest whether one has read So-and-so's speech at Where-was-it yesterday, and we answer "Yes" with tolerable truth, for we read his speech at What-d'ye-call-it ten days ago, and are well

persuaded it must have been the same speech. Some people think that if all the elections were held on one day this "damnable iteration," as Shakspeare calls it, would be avoided. But this, as one learns from the United States, where they adopt this plan, and ride the same political subjects to death with even greater persistence, would be no remedy. The true explanation of the matter is, I fear, very sad and very simple: the vast majority of people like what the small minority call being bored. Repetition does not weary them; they like to hear their own opinions retailed to them over and over again, just as a woman is never tired of beholding herself in a full-length looking-glass.

Not only are the same arguments repeated *ad nauseam* in political speeches, but the same phrases; until what, when they were first used, were more or less "happy" become melancholy to the last degree. Somebody or other, I forget on which side, hit years ago upon the term "a blank cheque" to express the groundless confidence that one party sought to impose upon the public, and that cheque has appeared every day and is "honoured" (by "great laughter") just as though it had not been cancelled long ago by the hand of Time. A writer who had not much confidence in Parliamentary wisdom, of whom it might have been written—

Some public principles he had  
But was no flatterer nor fretter;  
He rapped his box when things were bad,  
And said, "I cannot make them better."  
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,  
And much he scorned the placeman's scuffle,  
And cut the fiercest quarrels short  
With "Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!"—

this author, I say, used to write of "the British Lion" as keeping company on every platform with "the small end of the wedge," but both these grand old metaphors have given way—though after a protracted existence—to "the blank cheque." How one party "stole the other's clothes when they were bathing" is a charge that is still a favourite one on both sides, though one would think that the Statute of Limitations would long ago have robbed it of its sting. One really hardly likes to mention "the man at the helm" and "the pilot that weathers the storm," but our orators have no compunction even about that. It is an outrage only to be compared with the exhumation of the dead.

The best political *jeux d'esprit* that were ever written were, without doubt, the work of Moore and Canning, while the *Anti-Jacobin* was the wittiest of all political journals. The contributors, like those of our own *Punch*, generally met once a week (I grieve to say upon a Sunday) at 169, Piccadilly to arrange for the number. What was written was left open upon the table and added to or altered, so that it is difficult to identify the individual authors; but the contributions of Canning can hardly be mistaken. Gifford was the working editor, Pitt wrote the papers on finance, but Canning most of the poetry, which was what was best worth reading, though his prose was sometimes admirable. Not one person in a hundred now knows how good it was. When we speak of the *Anti-Jacobin* we refer almost always to the "Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder." Lord Melbourne attacked the paper and its contributors with great brilliancy, but in a manner which would now be considered personal. But those he would have crushed were too many, or, at all events, too strong for him. Was ever a statesman so delicately praised for being "no conjurer" than in these happy lines?—

In thee no magic arts surprise,  
No tricks to cheat our wondering eyes;  
On thee shall no suspicion fall  
Of sleight-of-hand or cup-and-ball;  
E'en foes must own thy spotless fame,  
Unbranded with a conjurer's name!  
Ne'er shall thy virtuous thoughts conspire  
To wrap majestic Thames in fire!

The Popish Ministry, as it was absurdly called, is thus felicitously described upon the occasion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Robinson) repealing half the duty on seaborne coal in London—

Already they, with purpose ill-concealed,  
The tax on coals have partially repealed;  
While Huskisson, with computation keen,  
Can tell how many pecks will burn a dean.  
Yes, deans shall burn! and, at the funeral pyre,  
With eyes averted from the unhallowed fire—  
Irreverent posture!—Harrowby shall stand,  
And hold his coat-flaps up, with either hand.

Canning's pretended report of the meeting of the Friends of Freedom at the Crown and Anchor is now forgotten; but as a character-sketch (of the habitually egotistic Erskine) it is unrivalled. Erskine is made to address the meeting—

He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School; he had been called by especial retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country—travelling chiefly in post-chaises; he felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it at least; he stood here as a man, he stood in the eye, indeed in the hand, of God, to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed; he was of noble, perhaps royal, blood, he had a house at Hampstead, was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform; his pamphlet had gone through thirty editions, skipping alternately the odd

and even numbers; he loved the Constitution, to which he would cling and grapple, and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature.

We are told that Pitt eventually got frightened at the excess of the satire of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which was accordingly discontinued at his own suggestion.

That is a "well-found" story, whether well founded or not, of the stalwart young Englishman who, finding a lady in Paris hesitating about crossing a flooded street, carried her bodily over in his arms; and received for his pains the word "Insolent," whereupon he made amends for his conduct by carrying her back again. It would have served her right if he had dropped her half-way, but it would not have been chivalric, nor even, perhaps, polite. There are some women whom it is very difficult to lay under an obligation. The change that has taken place in the United States in the manner, formerly somewhat abject, in which the female was wont to be treated by the male, is said to be owing to the ungraciousness of the ladies, who had got to be so spoiled as never to say, "Thank you" for any civility. There are, one is glad to say, very few records of this sort of behaviour, or of the resentment of it in mankind, in the poets. Leigh Hunt, however, has embalmed an instance of feminine selfishness in some very pleasant verses. In M. de Saint Foix's "Historical Essays upon Paris" he tells us that Lions Street took its name from the building where the lions of Francis I. were kept. One day while the King was amusing himself with a combat between two of these animals, a lady, having let her glove drop, said to her lover, one De Larges, "If you would have me believe that you love me as you swear you do, go and recover my glove."

She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave can be;  
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine.  
She dropp'd her glove to prove his love; then look'd at him  
and smil'd;  
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:  
The leap was quick, return was quick; he has regain'd the  
place,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's  
face.  
"By God!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from  
where he sat;  
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

An inspector of education has recently given us some interesting facts about his "young friends." They recite as of old, and the same stock pieces, but with little understanding of their meaning. The story is not mastered, the allusions are not known. It is as though a proposition in Euclid were accurately learnt by heart, which, with different letters, becomes unintelligible. The reason plays no part in the matter, but only the memory. In Cowper's poem on his mother's picture, the line, "Blest be the art that can immortalise," appears on the reciting card, "Blest be the heart," etc. In a *vivâ voce* examination this might be charitably put down to the want of aitches; but the written word admits of no such explanation. The fault of schools of a much higher grade is that the pupils are not taught to think, but to work mechanically; if such little incidents as the above occur in English compositions, what must not happen in the dead languages? But the want of intelligence is not confined to recitations. Who that has turned over the leaves of a ballad for some fair singer has not occasionally heard (if he can hear the words at all, which is not always the case) some very strange renderings of the text? I remember a talented performer who used to move her hearers to tears by a sentimental ditty, one of the lines of which was "Thou who so gently watchest over me"; this she invariably gave out as "Thou who so gently walkest over me." I pointed out to her that her reading of the poem altered its meaning, and that only persons of very slender build could walk even gently over anybody without incommoding them; but she replied with hauteur that she had always sung it "walkest," and should continue to do so, the words being almost synonymous.

I see that there are several first-class hotels which now promise us "no fees for attendance." I hope these establishments will succeed. They would have a better chance of doing so if they joined forces so far as their advertising was concerned. "Hotels where there is no charge for attendance" would make an attractive heading to such a list. It is high time that this monstrous imposition should be put a stop to. From a shilling to eighteen-pence, from eighteen-pence to two shillings a head, this charge has been creeping up for the last ten years. A subscription of fourteen shillings a week imposed on every member of a family for the purpose of enabling an hotel proprietor to get his servants for nothing is a serious tax. It is hard upon the servants themselves, since their "tips" are greatly reduced in consequence, and they are very inadequately rewarded in consequence for civility and usefulness. Thirty years ago or so there was no such tax. It was invented by Albert Smith to do away, as it was hoped, with that troop of expectant domestics who used to crowd around the visitor with outstretched hand upon his departure. They crowd around him now almost as much as ever, though he has compulsorily satisfied every reasonable obligation.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

(See Supplement.)

The Marquis of Salisbury, of whom a coloured portrait is presented with this issue, is guiding the "Ship of State" for the third time within ten years. It was only given to Lord Beaconsfield to be twice Prime Minister, but already this record has been eclipsed by Lord Salisbury. Beyond an intense interest in foreign affairs and a pleasure in smart phrases, there are few points of likeness between the Marquis and his late chief. He is in his sixty-fifth year, and can work for many hours a day without being over-wearied. He can speak on the spur of the moment better than any living statesman, and he never ekes out his speeches with unnecessary padding. Chemistry and electricity have been to the Marquis what tree-felling and Homeric study have been to Mr. Gladstone. In his laboratory at Hatfield Lord Salisbury can change the current of his thoughts as speedily as that of the force of electricity. He is not very devoted to walking exercise, and athletics have little interest for him. It was stated that his nephew, Mr. A. J. Balfour, had initiated him into the mysteries of golf, but so far the Prime Minister can have had no opportunity of practice. Lord Salisbury rarely gives evidence of his wide reading in his public speeches, yet he has sunk shafts into many mines of literature. Poetry, however, has small attraction for him, and it is unlikely that he will recommend any of the new singers to the vacant office of Poet Laureate. In the House of Peers he is the chief power, and occasionally is led by the overwhelming majority at his back to treat the Opposition with disdain. Of his non-political speeches one could say much, for they have been varied and interesting. The eulogy of the late Dr. Jowett showed him at his best, and his presidential address to the British Association was masterly and eloquent. He cannot relax the tightly strung bow so gracefully as either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Balfour, who can laugh and gossip in the most critical hours. Even on his holidays he busies himself with abstruse problems. In a word, he takes life very seriously. On the continent of Europe Lord Salisbury is greatly respected, while by his countrymen all over the world he is admired for his undoubted ability.

## THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland, whose portrait adorns our front page, was known before her marriage as Lady Millicent Fanny St. Clair-Erskine, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn. She married in 1884 the Marquis of Stafford, who succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Sutherland in 1892. Her younger brother had succeeded to the Earldom of Rosslyn two years earlier. Her sister Lady Sybil Mary St. Clair-Erskine married in 1892 the Earl of Westmorland; and another sister of the Duchess is Lady Angela Selina Bianca St. Clair-Erskine, who has made at least one excursion into literature. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are both very popular in society, and have a high sense of the responsibilities attaching to their position. The young Duchess has interested herself in various schemes of philanthropy. She has just been pleading for the Sutherland Benefit Nursing Association, on behalf of which a bazaar is to be held at Dunrobin Castle. The poverty-stricken East End of London is familiar ground to her, as was shown recently in a story which appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The Duchess has inherited from her gifted father an unmistakable literary ability, though she at present adopts a pseudonym. Two generations of the Rosslyn family have been richly endowed with artistic talents, for the late Earl was a graceful poet, the present Earl has appeared several times as an amateur actor, and his sisters have keen literary enthusiasms. Already we can number a trio of literary Duchesses—the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duchess of Buckingham (now Lady Egerton of Tatton), and the Duchess of Sutherland—and of these "Erskine Gower" gives the greatest promise of a future which shall be independent of the accident of birth.

## THE LATE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

On Monday afternoon, July 29, there was laid to rest, in the churchyard of Winchester Cathedral, the body of the Right Rev. Anthony Wilson Thorold, eighty-fourth Bishop of Winchester. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York (a friend of Dr. Thorold for fifty years), the veteran Bishop of Chichester, and other high dignitaries of the Church were there to pay the last tribute of affection to one who had adorned his office and laboured long for the good of his fellow-men.

The Bishop, who passed peacefully away on July 25, had been in precarious health for some time. Asthma, added to other painful diseases, he had been fighting with a serene courage which never left him, striving the while to perform as many as possible of his duties. He was always busy, from college days at Queen's College, Oxford, up to the last week of his life. He was the son of the Rector of Hougham-with-Marston, and was born on June 13, 1825. After ordination by the Bishop of Manchester he began his ministerial life in the diocese of Manchester,

but he afterwards came south, and at the early age of thirty-two he was appointed to the important living of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. His name quickly became famous as a preacher, and he was recognised also as a devoted and able parish clergyman at a time when the parochial activities of the Church were not so remarkable as they are now. He held the living for eleven years (1857-68), and, although the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials is somewhat changed, there are still many persons in the district who have a grateful recollection of his work among them. In 1868 he moved to the less arduous position of minister of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, but ease was not for him, and the following year saw him installed as Vicar of St. Pancras. From this time onward his career was one of unbroken success. He was elected a member of the first London School Board, and his name was closely identified with the principal religious and philanthropic works of the metropolis. In 1874 a Canonry of York was conferred upon him by his old friend Archbishop Thomson, and three years later he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield Bishop of the rearranged diocese of Rochester. Bishop Thorold's strong point was organisation, and in that unwieldy diocese (which includes the whole of London south of the Thames) he found ample scope for his ability. He worked hard himself, and those about him could not but follow his example. He built the "Ten Churches" in five years, he set on foot various diocesan societies, and, as has been well remarked, he brought order out of chaos.

The Bishop had to bear the brunt of one or two "Ritual" disputes, but in the very district where once

the Royal Surrey County Hospital can testify. He was *ex officio* prelate of the Order of the Garter, Visitor of Winchester College and seven other colleges, provincial Chancellor of Canterbury, and a governor of the Charterhouse and of Charterhouse School. In Farnham, the Bishop was sincerely esteemed by all sections of society, and was equally happy in entertaining members of the royal family or the aged poor of the town. He travelled much; indeed, there is hardly a country of the world where he had not been. He made several voyages to America, and was much respected by the leading Churchmen there. He had a wide knowledge of men, which made him a delightful companion, and of his private generosity much might be written. Of him it could be said, in the words of Green's epitaph, "He did learning," and to this sentence one may add "and loving," for the chief trait in the Bishop's character was sympathy.

## THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

The Royal Academy is a most conservative body of gentlemen. They make up their minds to a certain course, and then neither the power of the Press nor the voice of the public moves them. The latest elections are an instance, however, of a progressive policy. Though neither Mr. Onslow Ford nor Mr. W. B. Richmond is in his first youth, both certainly belong to the younger generation.

Mr. Richmond is a scholarly painter who has divided his energies between the old Grosvenor, the New Gallery, and the Royal Academy. He has a *penchant* for classical and mythological subjects, is by way of being a colourist, and enjoys lecturing upon Art, with a big "A," to audiences of working men and ambitious young ladies. He has never pandered to the popular taste, does not paint for the gallery, and it is odds if one in fifty of the thousands who crowd into Burlington House during June and July could say offhand the name of one of his many pictures. To the cursory observer his works lie somewhere between the productions of Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, but his portraits stand by themselves. They are quite nice, and have been described as canvases painted by a gentleman for gentlemen. Education is not absolutely necessary to a painter, and some of the craft are not above the temptation of occasionally misspelling words of more than one syllable. In Mr. Richmond the Academy has a painter of knowledge and of refinement. He will be an ornament to the body, and some day may be President.

Mr. Onslow Ford is newer than Mr. Richmond. He looks like a Frenchman, and his sympathies are foreign; for in spite of Mr. Alma-Tadema, the cream of the art achievements of recent years has come via the Continent; especially in sculpture. Mr. Onslow Ford is the hero of the Shelley memorial, of the "Hamlet" in Guildhall, of that fine statue of General Gordon on a camel, and many other popular statues and busts. If you want to know how English sculpture has progressed, spend a morning in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House (it will cost you nothing), where there is also a room full of statues by Gibson, and then turn your eyes to a modern example of Mr. Onslow Ford, or Mr. Alfred Gilbert, or Mr. Thornycroft, or, among the still younger men, to a work by Mr. Frampton, or Mr. Pegram, or Mr. McKellan. Mr. Onslow Ford, who is forty-three years of age, began life as a painter, and with that career in view studied at Antwerp and Munich, but modelling was in his blood, and before he was twenty-three the fever got hold of him, and from that day he determined that sculpture and not paint should be his mistress. His friends and that small world who care about sculpture know how well he has succeeded, and our children, when they walk the streets

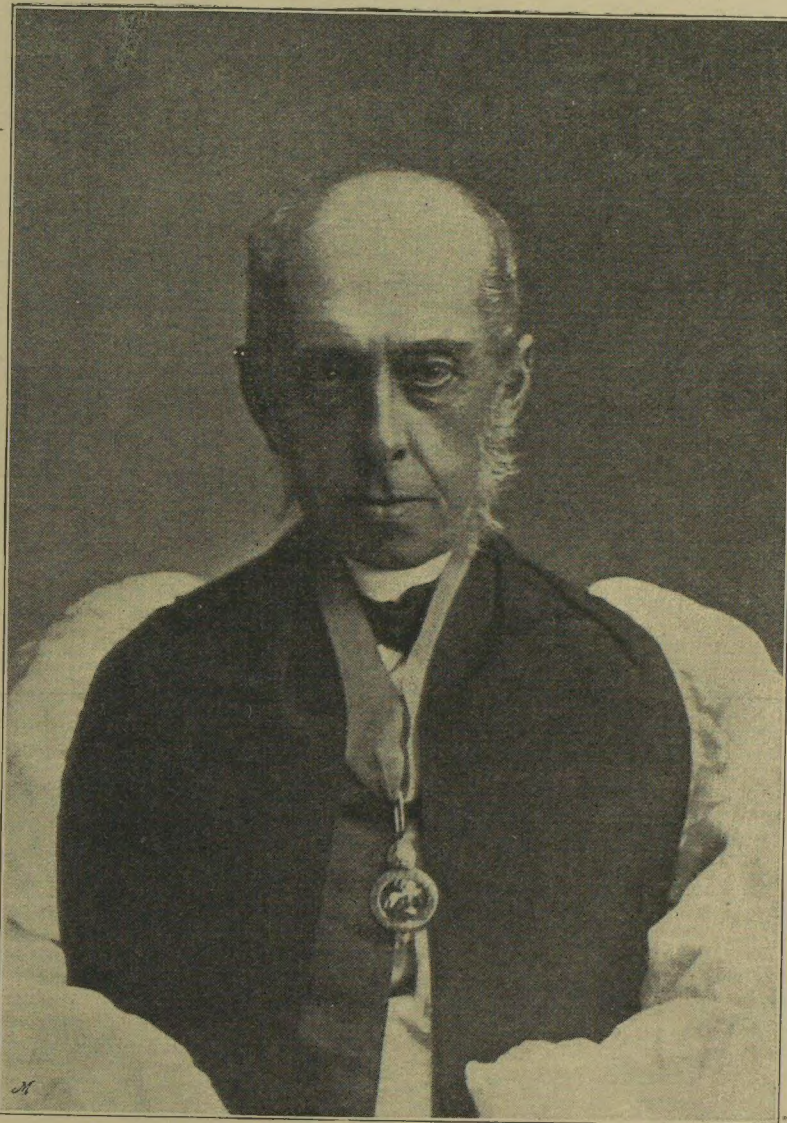
of London, will no doubt have an opportunity of seeing and admiring creations which are now developing in the artist's brain.

## CHAMOIS-STALKING.

Sportsmen in search of adventure will find it in stalking the lithe chamois, concerning which Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman has often written enthusiastically. Chamois do not live exclusively above timber-line, albeit most pictures of them give that impression. When they have been shot, often the greatest difficulty is to reach their bodies, and all these incidents add zest to the day's sport. In the Tyrol the chamois is particularly coy of hunters, and will evade their efforts for hour after hour. It will leap gracefully from rock to rock with apparently no thought of risk.

## SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH TO THE FASTNET LIGHTHOUSE.

It has been resolved by the Trinity House authorities to supply all lighthouses and lightships on the coasts of the United Kingdom with the means of telegraphic communication; and one of the first steps taken under this arrangement has been that of laying a submarine cable to the isolated rock called Fastnet, off the most southerly point of Ireland, near Cape Clear. It is nearly half a century now since the lighthouse was erected upon the summit of this rock, which is 97 ft. above the water at low tide, and which affords but just space enough for the buildings, while the sides being almost perpendicular, men are frequently obliged to ascend and descend by means of "breaches-tackle," when boats arrive there in rough weather.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. ANTHONY WILSON THOROLD, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

his carriage was stoned, his name, long before he left the diocese, was positively beloved. It was Bishop Thorold who abolished the obnoxious Rector's Rate in Southwark, and it was he who first conceived the plan of restoring St. Saviour's to its original stateliness. But before the work had proceeded very far he was appointed (in 1890) by Lord Salisbury to the Bishopric of Winchester in succession to Bishop Harold Browne. His power of sympathy and love of organisation had had full development in the see of Rochester, and his hospitality had been graciously exercised at Selsdon. Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Moody, and many other preachers outside the Church of England were his guests, for all through his career Dr. Thorold was familiar with the persons as well as the writings of widely differing theologians. He had an especial admiration for Dr. R. W. Dale, and recently wrote a beautiful eulogy of that Nonconformist minister. With the thoroughness that always characterised him, Dr. Thorold journeyed all over his new diocese, preaching innumerable sermons and cheering many country clergymen by unexpected visits. Farnham Castle was renovated with fine taste and regard for its historic associations, and was the scene of many happy gatherings of old and new friends. Meanwhile, his pen was as active as ever, in spite of an enormous correspondence, and readers of his "Presence of Christ" and "The Work of Christ" were glad to see several of his sermonettes in *Good Words*. Dr. Thorold was twice married, and had been a widower since 1877, when his wife (a sister of Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P.) died. He leaves one son (Mr. Algar Labouchere Thorold, who is twenty-nine years old) and two daughters.

The Bishop was an excellent chairman, as those who were present at a recent important meeting in connection with





MR. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

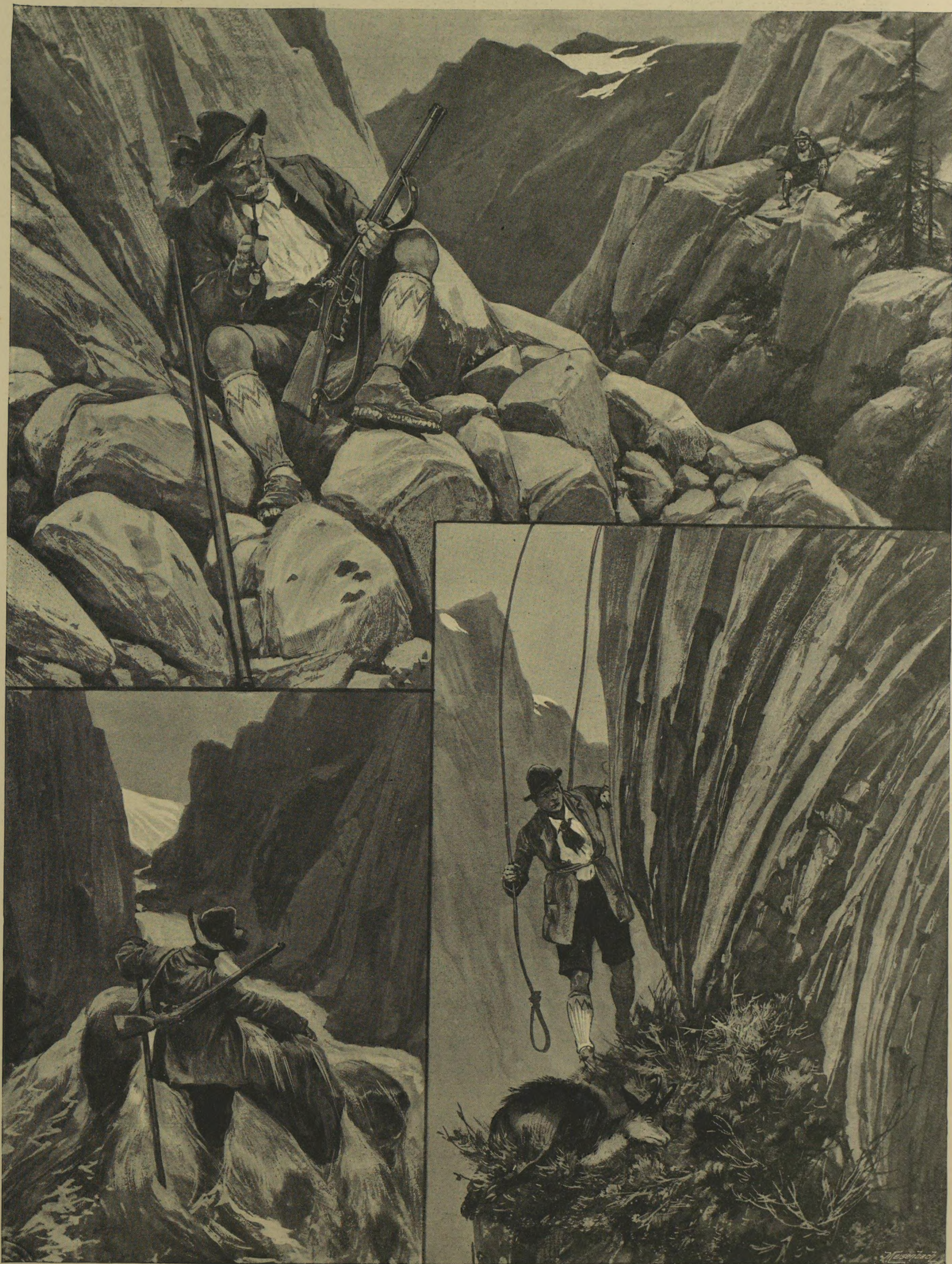


MR. W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

*From Photographs by Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.*





1. Waiting for the Drive to Begin. 2. Stalking up a Gorge. 3. Finding the Quarry.

CHAMOIS-STALKING.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and her present visitors, the Grand Duchess of Hesse and Princess Ferdinand of Roumania. The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen has been the Minister in attendance. On Thursday, July 25, the Queen received the Marquis of Carmarthen, the new Treasurer of the Household; Lord Arthur Hill, Comptroller of the Household; and the Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes, Vice-Chamberlain. On Saturday her Majesty conferred the decoration of the Victoria Cross upon Surgeon-Captain H. F. Whitchurch, of the Indian Medical Service, for his act of bravery in carrying a wounded officer, Captain Baird, into the fort at Chitral on March 3.

The Prince of Wales on Thursday, July 25, went to Cirencester to attend the celebration of the jubilee of the Royal Agricultural College, where he was received by the Earl of Ducie and Earl Bathurst and other noblemen and gentlemen who are Governors of that institution, and afterwards visited the show of the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society in Earl Bathurst's park. On the same day the Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria and the Crown Prince of Denmark, went to Aldershot Camp, with the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief,

The General Parliamentary Election has terminated in the return of 411 Unionists, or Conservative and Liberal supporters of Lord Salisbury's Ministry, against 259 of the Opposition, Liberals or Radicals, Irish Nationalists, Anti-Parnellite or Parnellite, and two or three "Labour" champions. The polling on the latter days, from Wednesday, July 24, to Monday and Tuesday of the following week, did not materially alter the proportionate strength of parties; but the Unionists gained several more seats in England, and the Liberals re-elected in Scotland had smaller majorities than on former occasions. The Queen holds a Council at Osborne on Aug. 10, on the eve of the assembly of the new Parliament.

The first Cabinet Council of the new Ministry was held at the Foreign Office on Tuesday, July 30. Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Cross, Lord Halsbury, Mr. G. J. Goschen, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord James (Sir Henry James), Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Balfour, Earl Cadogan, Mr. Walter Long, and Mr. Akers Douglas were present.

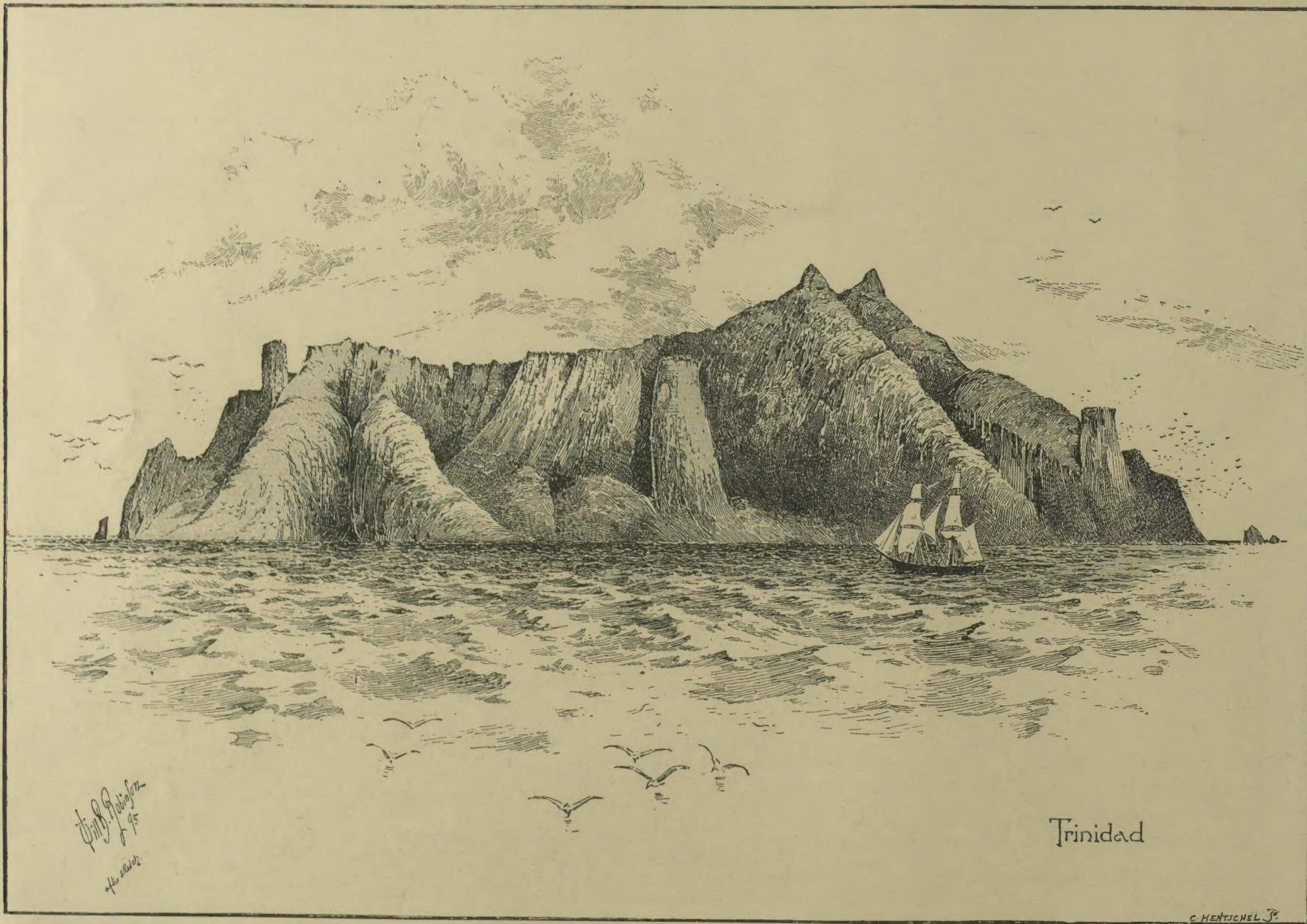
The preliminary cruise of the fleet assembled for the Naval Manœuvres began on Monday, July 29, with the departure of the ships from Portland, under the command

of Kharkoff, Pultowa, Kursk, and Voroneshk. In Siberia, the schemes for improving the navigation of the river Yenesei, and constructing a canal to unite it with the Obi, are being actively pursued; also, in Turkestan, the project of a railway from Tashkend to Samarcand.

Additional Turkish troops have been sent to the frontier of Bulgaria, where the agitation in favour of the Macedonian insurgents, with covert assistance from soldiers and officers of the Bulgarian Army, continues to excite the displeasure of the Porte. At Sofia the funeral of two officers killed in Macedonia was attended with a scene of tumult. Prince Ferdinand's Government seems either impotent or disinclined to restrain this perilous movement.

The Spanish army in Cuba, under command of Marshal Martinez Campos, has had further conflicts with detached parties of insurgents, one of whose leaders, Bandera, was defeated on July 25 at Santa Barbara; they lost five hundred men at the battle of Peralejo two or three weeks ago, but they are yet far from being effectually subdued. Marshal Campos with 1500 men encountered a larger force of the enemy at Bayamo, and fought an indecisive battle. He has returned to Havana.

The elections for the New South Wales Legislative Assembly have returned sixty-two advocates of Free Trade and supporters of the existing Ministry, against forty-four



THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

From a Sketch by Mr. E. Roper, F.R.G.S.

and witnessed the manœuvres of the troops under command of the Duke of Connaught. Their Royal Highnesses lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and visited the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough House. On Friday the Princess of Wales presented certificates in the garden of Marlborough House to the third and fourth thousand nurses who have joined the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses, and the Prince of Wales delivered an address to them. His Royal Highness attended Goodwood Races.

The Duke of York on Friday evening at the Imperial Institute opened the sixth International Geographical Congress, which was attended by sixty delegates from various foreign countries and British colonies, fourteen French, eighteen German, and eight Italian, others from the different States of Europe and of America, under the presidency of Mr. Clements Markham. The business of the congress began next day, and was continued on Monday, with discussions upon plans for exploring the Antarctic Polar Region, and upon the scheme of Mr. S. A. Andrée, of Stockholm, for a balloon expedition to explore the Arctic Polar Region. The delegates were received by the Hon. G. N. Curzon, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and were entertained by Lady Burdett-Coutts at a garden-party at Holly Lodge, Highgate.

The Duke of Cambridge reviewed the four battalions of Foot Guards on Saturday, July 27, in Hyde Park, and on Monday inspected the garrison at Chatham. The Duchess of Teck on Friday distributed the prizes at a military tournament of the Middlesex Yeomanry at Hampton Court.

of Admiral Lord Walter Kerr. A flotilla of torpedo-boats and gun-boats, or "torpedo-boat destroyers," has been sent to Milford Haven.

The undiminished strength and solidity of the supporters of the Republican form of government in France is again shown by the periodical elections of one-half of the Councils-General of the Departments returning, up to July 29, more than a thousand Republicans against one hundred and thirty-six Reactionists or Monarchists, and only twelve Socialists, the last-mentioned party having suffered a considerable defeat. The reports of the wheat and other corn crops this year are very good.

The financial Budget of the German Empire for this year is satisfactory, exhibiting a surplus of more than seven millions of marks, or £350,000, in the receipts, with a slightly diminished expenditure.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies on July 27 much gratification was expressed at the friendly reception of the Italian naval squadron at Portsmouth. There was a debate on the foreign relations of Italy on July 29, when Signor Crispi, the Prime Minister, defended the action of the Triple Alliance as tending to maintain peace, and declared that the Government would preserve the position it had gained on the African coast of the Red Sea and in Tigre, and the rights it had secured by treaty with the Emperor of Abyssinia.

The Russian Government has resolved upon undertaking large measures for the extending of popular education, and intends to begin by making the attendance of children at elementary schools compulsory in the provinces

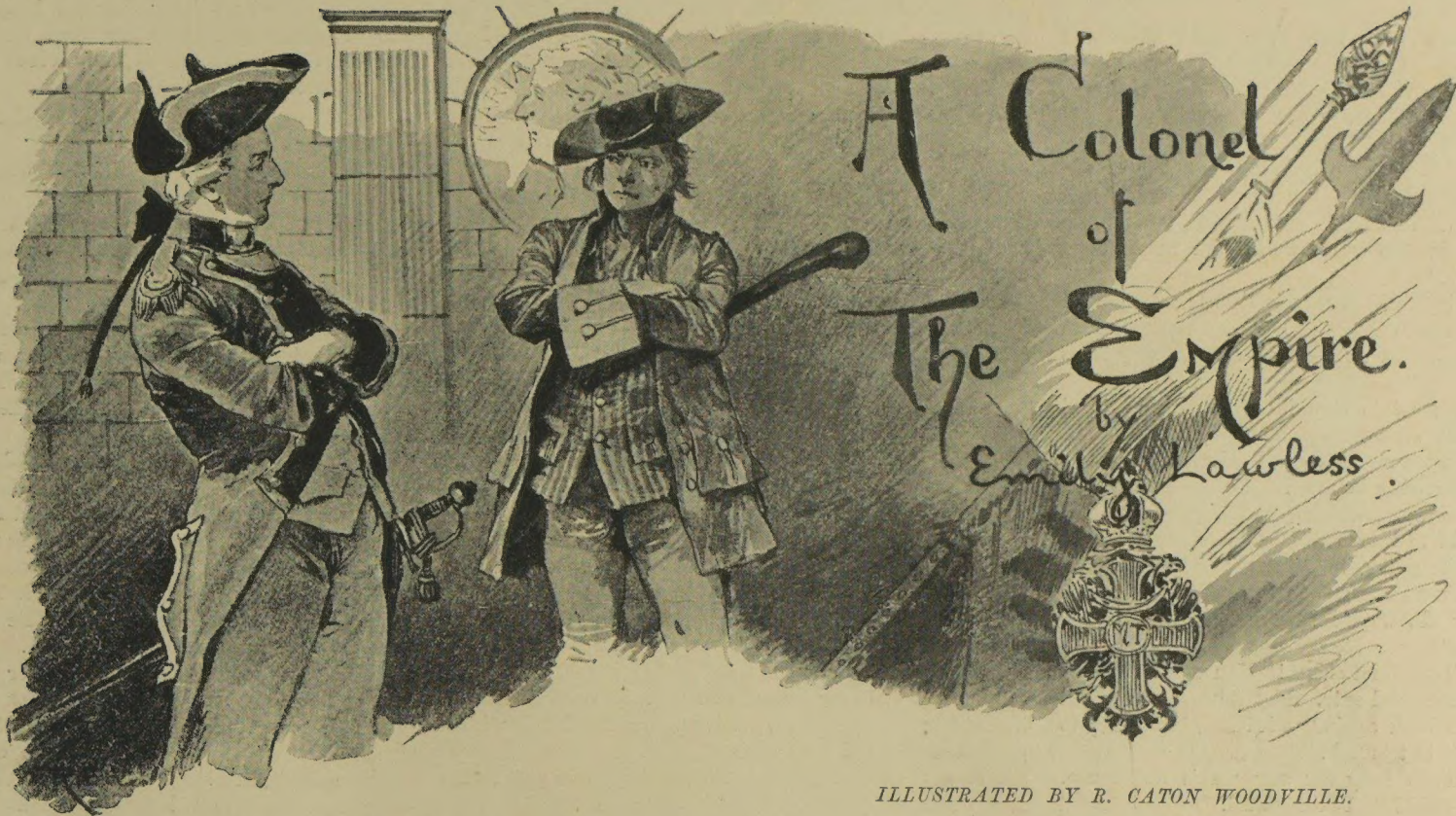
Opposition members, and there are nineteen "Labour" representatives, who will at present vote with the Government party. Sir George Dibbs lost his seat at Tamworth.

No fresh movement of the French troops advancing into the interior of Madagascar has been reported during the past fortnight; but the British Vice-Consul has advised all the English residents at Antananarivo to remove to the coast, as the Hova Government declares its intention to resist, and a strong feeling against all Europeans prevails among the natives.

## THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

The little island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic, has become suddenly of interest to the world, and has caused some friction between the British Government and Brazil. The British title to the island dates back to 1700, when Dr. Halley took possession of it without any resistance from the Portuguese. The Brazil Government claims, however, that in 1782 the island was evacuated by the British and restored to Portugal. Great excitement has been caused in Rio de Janeiro by the news that the direct Argentine cable had been landed on the island. The illustration which we give of this little-known island is, particularly interesting. It is about six miles in circumference; the north end is barren, but on the south end there grow many evergreen trees, some of which are eighteen inches in diameter. Monument Rock is one of the chief features of the island, and is 850 ft. high, but a sugar-loaf rock at the south-east end is 1160 ft. high. Its summit is covered with trees. On the island are wild hogs, goats, and cats, and sea-fowl and rock-fish are plentiful.





ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

*From the Private Papers of Mangen O'Driscoll, late of the Imperial Service of Austria, and a Knight of the Military Order of the Maria Theresa.*

## CHAPTER IX.

I had gone several times round all the lower rooms, and had seen that the shutters were in their proper places, and had put feather beds to some of the windows, and rugs to others where they ran short, and had also ascertained that the servant-men were at their posts, and everyone ready to fire the minute I gave the signal. These arrangements took up the best part of an hour, and by the time I had finished them I began to feel somewhat easier, and to think that we should be able to give a good account of the rascals whenever they showed themselves. One thing troubled me not a little, and that was that Wooden-Sword seemed to have entirely disappeared—at least, high or low, I could see no signs of him. It vexed me to think that he should have disobeyed me at such a moment, though, of course, I didn't believe that he had run away from fear; that being the last thing, I hope, that I should believe of anyone bearing his name, let his age be what it might.

Having seen to everything at the bottom of the castle, it occurred to me that I had better, perhaps, take another turn along the gun-room passage, just to make perfectly sure that everything was safe and right as I had left it. You may judge of my astonishment, therefore, when I found the jib door, which I had so carefully barred and bolted, all unfastened again! What was still more surprising, there were the two young ladies, Miss Abby and Miss Alicia, whom I had so recently heard ordered by their father to keep to their rooms, standing in the middle of the gun-room floor, both of them dressed in their out-of-door tippets and mantles! Worse still, and hardly to be believed—at least, I should never have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes—there was Miss Abby, if you please, with a little green watering-pot, which she keeps for her flowers, pouring the water deliberately out of it, with the greatest attention, into the barrels of all the guns that I had set carefully in a row along the top of the wooden stand.

I ran at her smartly, as you may suppose, and caught her by the elbow, as she lifted it to fill up the barrel of another gun.

"Miss Abigail!" cried I, using her full name to show how displeased I was, "what are you doing there, you bold girl? What brings you here at all, I should like to know? And you, too, Miss Alicia," I added, turning round upon her. "What is the meaning of you two young ladies having come downstairs again, after having been desired by your father to remain upstairs in your rooms, safe out of harm's way?"

Miss Abby had given a violent start the first minute I caught hold of her; but when she saw who it was she began to laugh, showing that she wasn't really a bit afraid of me.

"Oh," cried she, "how you frightened me! I thought it was papa, or at the least Dr. Kettle."

"Never mind who it is," said I very angrily. "What you have to do is to go back to your rooms at once, both of you, and stay there till you are allowed to leave them. This is no place for young ladies."

"Well, we're *not* going back to our rooms—neither of us; so there!" cried she, pouting at me and frowning. "And I think it's very unkind of you, Colonel Driscoll—*very*—coming in here and disturbing us just now."

"Disturbing you, indeed!" cried I, staring at her in astonishment. "What, I should like to know, do you mean by *my* disturbing you?"

"Coming and interrupting us when we're so busy!" said she quite grandly.

"You did, indeed, seem to be remarkably busy," said I, looking at the guns, "and a nice sort of business too, one that will cost your father a good many pounds, and possibly all of us some lives, before the night is over."

"Oh, do go away, please go away!" cried she in a tone of despair. "Do go and talk to papa, or do *something*, and leave us here to ourselves."

"Upon my word, you are a pleasant sort of young lady to have in a besieged house!" I exclaimed. "Are you aware that there'll probably be bullets rattling in at those windows there very shortly?"

"Well, we're not afraid of bullets, are we, Ally?" cried she.

"Then, if you're not afraid of them, I *am*," said I, out of all patience with such folly. "So go back to your rooms at once, both of you, and let me hear no more about it." And with that I went off to re-barricade the jib door.

But she ran after me, and began coaxing me again.

"Do go away, dear Colonel! Won't you go away to please me, when I have a particular reason? Please be kind just this once, dear Colonel, and I'll give you a kiss."

"You're very good," said I, still busy over the lock of the door. "But I don't think this is a proper occasion for kisses, if you'll excuse my saying so. Now, not a word more, Miss Abby," I added, seeing that she was beginning again. "Go this very moment upstairs to your room, or I shall have to carry you there myself."

"I won't! I won't! I won't!" cried she, flying into a rage, and beginning to stamp about the passage floor. "Oh, isn't it too bad, Ally?" she cried to her sister. "Isn't it too bad when there is so little time, and when everything is settled so beautifully? I must tell him, I must indeed; so there's no use in your making faces at me!" For



"Aren't Wooden-Sword and I going to dance at it—so—so, and so—so!"



Miss Alicia had come to the door of the gun-room, and was signalling to her, evidently in a state of agitation about something.

"Tell me whatever you like, only make haste and be off, the two of you," said I. "Is this a time, do you think, Miss Alicia, to be encouraging her in childishness and stage-playing? I wonder at you!" said I severely.

"Stage-playing!" cried Miss Abby, before her sister could answer. "It's *not* stage-playing—nothing of the sort! It's all *real* this time—as real and as big and as serious as ever it could be; and if you weren't the blindest old man in the whole world you would have guessed it long ago."

"Blind I may be," said I, "but not so blind as to fail to see that you two are in the most dangerous place in the whole house, and that I'm not going to let you stop in it another minute."

"But when we *want* to stop in a dangerous place! When that's exactly what we *do* want! We *want* to be in danger, and we want to be carried off too—arent we all ready, and only waiting to be carried off?—and as soon as we are carried off, isn't Wooden-Sword going to come out of the trees and to rescue us?"

"Wooden-Sword going to rescue you?" cried I. "What has Wooden-Sword got to say to it? Where is Wooden-Sword, by the way, for I haven't seen him for this half-hour past."

"Nor you won't see him either! You won't see him till everything is done and over. Not till he has rescued us, and brought us back again," cried she, beginning to caper about the floor in triumph.

This was too much folly for any man's endurance. "Are you mad, child?" I exclaimed. "How could Wooden-Sword possibly rescue you, when there are fifteen or sixteen of those rascals out there, for I counted them myself not an hour ago?"

"Oh, pooh! *they* won't hurt us!" cried she.

I began to think by this time that she really *must* have gone mad, perhaps from the excitement. "Not *hurt* you!" I repeated. "Heaven help you, child, and keep you from knowing what such hurting means. If you are too young and childish to care about it for yourself, you can't be such a baby as not to know what it would mean for your sister there, Miss Alicia?"

"Baby indeed! I know who's a great deal more of a baby than I am!" cried she. "I know someone who is a great grown-up baby, and a goose, too, and a blind old bat, so he is! Can't you understand, you silly, silly man, that they're not really Whiteboys at all? Can't you see that they're nothing but Crooked Mouth, and Teddy the Snipe, and The Corncrake's Egg, and the rest of Wooden-Sword's men, who have just got themselves up to look like Whiteboys!"

"*What!*" shouted I, at the top of my voice. "*What!*" I repeated, staring at her. "Stand still, child, and answer me at once! What do you mean by their being Wooden-Sword's men? You don't mean to say that . . . But, good God! where is Wooden-Sword? Where is he? Answer me directly, do you hear, child? Tell me this instant, or I'll—I'll—whip you!" I cried, not knowing what to say to her, and terrified out of my wits at the sudden notion of Wooden-Sword being really at the bottom of such an affair as this.

"I won't tell you, and you may whip away all night. So there!" cried she. "And you can't stop Wooden-Sword now, so you needn't hope it, nor the Captain either."

"The Captain!" I repeated. "You don't mean to say that Captain Spencer, too, is mixed up in this business?"

"Why, of course he is. Isn't it all for him that we've got it up; for him and for Ally? Haven't we been planning and planning it for these weeks and weeks past. And isn't he going to come out from behind the big holly in the avenue when we're carried by, and to rescue Ally, and isn't Wooden-Sword going to rescue me? And isn't there going to be a beautiful fight? And aren't we going to be brought back here safe to papa? And aren't Ally and the Captain going to be forgiven? And aren't we going then to have a grand wedding? And aren't Wooden-Sword and I going to dance at it—so—so, and so—so!"

With that she began capering about the floor once more, holding up her skirts, and pointing her toes at me; while Miss Alicia, who had half hidden herself behind the door while I was scolding, came out again, looking rather frightened, but as if she thought it was all made right now, and that I should be ready to help them, and quite pleased and delighted by all their clever contrivings.

But I was perfectly beside myself with fury, and with fright too about Wooden-Sword, as well with anger at having been such a fool as to be taken in by them all. Though this I must say in my own excuse, that I doubt if another man in the kingdom would have been one bit less blind, for who could ever have believed in such a piece of folly, especially when you consider the state of the country, and the risk to everyone concerned. Indeed, it was just such a plot and such a plan as could only have come into the head of a wilful excitable child like Miss Abby, who understands nothing at all about danger, and thinks only of playing pranks, and at worst getting off with a scolding, or perhaps a rap over the knuckles from her father, as she often had done before.

"Very well," said I. "Now you've told me your plans, perhaps you'd like to hear mine in return. I'm going this very minute, Miss Alicia, to your father, to tell him what a disgraceful trick has been played upon him, and that Captain Spencer is in the front of it, and we will see then what *he* says to that. As for Wooden-Sword," I added, turning to Abby, "I suppose you know that you've put his life into danger, and all those other boys' lives too, with this nice game of yours?"

Miss Abby stopped short in the middle of her caperings, and stood staring at me with her black eyes wide open, as if she were trying to see whether I was serious, or was only wanting to frighten her, while Miss Alicia gave a great cry, and came right out from behind the door, and up to me, and down on her knees, and got hold of the flap of my coat, and begged and implored that I wouldn't tell her father; begging me to have pity on her, and to have pity on the Captain, and upon all of them. Saying that she knew very well that they oughtn't to have done it, and that she was ashamed of herself, and the Captain was ashamed of himself, and that they both knew it was very wrong, only her father being so set against them, it seemed to be the only hope of bringing him round. And that as for Wooden-Sword, he should certainly not get into trouble by anything that he had done, for that he had only been coaxed into the affair by her sister Abby, who had made him promise to help them. All this, with a great many tears, and many assurances that indeed and indeed she knew it was very wrong, and that she hadn't intended it, and was quite ready to give it up now, if I liked, with a good deal more of the same sort, such as young ladies are apt to say when it is too late, and they have got themselves and everyone else into serious trouble.

Miss Abby, I'm bound to say, made no attempt to excuse herself, but stood staring at me, evidently quite astonished, as if she never had realised before that the matter was half so serious, and couldn't even then take it in.

While they were going on in this way I had been thinking over what was the best thing to do, and had made up my mind that it would be mere waste of time to go first to Sir Thomas, who would be certain to delay me with one thing and another, and that the only way of hindering the business from being carried any further was to get hold of Wooden-Sword and the other boys, and to strip off the shirts, which they must have put on over their clothes—now I saw why the figures I had seen at the top of the wood had looked so small—and to send them all off packing home before any report of these doings could get abroad in the country.

Without another word, therefore, to either of the young ladies, I unbarred the jib door, and, stopping for a minute to pick up a stick that I had noticed lying in the passage—that I promise you was for those young rascals outside—I ran off as fast as I could, shutting the door behind me.

#### CHAPTER X.

When I got out on to the gravel and looked round me, there wasn't a sign of anyone to be seen. Everything was as white as snow in the full moonlight, and looking as empty and lonely as if no one had ever set foot there since the castle was built.

I looked up and down, and here and there and everywhere, but could see no sign of any Whiteboys, real or pretended, or of anything, in fact, except the moonlight itself. I called "Wooden-Sword! Wooden-Sword!" once or twice as loudly as I dared; but, if he heard me, he took very good care not to come out of his hiding-place. There seemed to be no use in looking about there any longer, so as there was no time to be lost, I turned back and went down the avenue till I came to the big holly-tree, which I knew must be the one Miss Abby meant.

I stopped in front of it, and peering into the darkness, thought that I saw something glittering in the shadow. Anyway, I had to take my chance, so I spoke out directly, though, of course, in a whisper.

"I see you perfectly plainly, Captain Spencer," said I, "so you may as well come out and show yourself at once."

Sure enough the Captain was there, for at that moment he came creeping out from behind the holly-tree, and remarkably foolish I must say he looked, having been hidden up to his neck in the wet leaves, which had stuck to his coat, made a terrible show of his whole uniform.

He began explaining the affair to me from the beginning, pretty much as Miss Alicia had done, but I was in too great a hurry, too angry with them all, to listen, and I cut him short at the first word.

"Excuse my interrupting you, but I think it would be better to defer your explanations, Captain Spencer, till you make them to Sir Thomas himself," said I, very stiffly. "Therefore, with your permission, we will go back now to the castle."

With that I turned without another word, and after a little hesitation he came too.

By the time we reached the jib door it was clear that the whole house was aware that something fresh was on foot. For the minute I pushed it open I found myself almost in Sir Thomas's arms, who was there in a great flowered silk dressing-gown, having got out of bed the minute they told him that I had left the castle.

Dr. Kettle was there too, with a big old cavalry sword, and Moriarty, the butler, had got a blunderbuss,

and the coachman a pistol, and the English footman, John Mutton, some other sort of weapon. Anyhow, there they were, all congregated together one behind the other, and a lot of candles shining behind them, so that if an enemy had come up instead of us, they would have offered him an uncommonly good mark.

Sir Thomas caught hold of me, almost weeping with joy to get me back.

"My dear friend!" cried he, wringing my hand. "You're safe! Thank God, you're safe! When they told me you had been so rash as to go out, I made sure those bloody miscreants would have made an end of you. Did you encounter any of the desperate villains out there?"

"Indeed," said I, "the only desperate villain I encountered was Captain Spencer, whom I have brought back, as you see, with me, and I'm sorry to have to confess to you, Sir Thomas, that the whole thing has been—"

Before I could get out another word, Sir Thomas had gone up to Captain Spencer, and was shaking him by the hand; calling him his preserver, and his gallant young friend, and I don't know what more fine names; thanking him a thousand times for having arrived so exactly in the nick of time, making sure evidently that the Captain had hurried up from Clonmel the minute he heard of an attack having been made on the castle.

The poor young man grew redder and redder and more foolish-looking than ever at this, and kept glancing round pitifully at me, as if to ask if had I the heart to reveal the real state of the case after such a reception? I was sorry for him, and very sorry for Miss Alicia, but on Wooden-Sword's account I felt bound to tell the whole truth, not to say that it didn't seem to be decent to let Sir Thomas go on any longer in the dark.

"You are under a complete delusion, Sir Thomas," I therefore began again, "and I must insist upon explaining to you that—"

I was upon the point of saying that there had never been such a thing as a Whiteboy near the castle that night. But at that instant, and while the words were still in my mouth, there came the sound of a whistle from over our heads, and the next moment there followed such yells as a crowd of wild Indians might make if suddenly let loose in the dead of the night, and a rush of feet to the castle, and in one minute every door in it, and all the new iron shutters over the windows, were being rattled at, so that you'd think they were bursting in in every direction. And at the same time there came shouts from those outside that they'd burn the whole castle over our heads, and kill every living creature in it, young and old, servants and master, unless the young ladies were given up to them that very minute.

I'm bound to say the thing was extraordinarily well managed, and how they contrived to make such a devil of a racket—being nothing all the time but a parcel of boys, little more, many of them, than children—I am at a loss to this day to understand. There was such a deadly seriousness, too, about the whole affair, such a cold-blooded, deliberate air of villainy, that even I, who was behind the scenes, could hardly believe but what it was all real, and that genuine Whiteboys and genuine abductors had by this time made their way to the front of the castle.

What with this sudden racket outside, what with the terror and confusion of those within, it was like Bedlam let loose for some minutes. I shouted to our assailants to be off, for that we knew who they were, and that nobody cared for their noise, but I might as well have shouted to the sea in the middle of a storm, for my voice was so lost in the yells and the rattling of the sticks and stones. I was in such a state of fury by this time that, if I had only had an idea whereabouts Wooden-Sword was, I should have taken up one of the shot-guns and let fly into the thick of the rest of the young rascals, in the hope of stinging up their legs and arms, and sending them flying off home rather quicker than they came.

When this first racket had a little subsided, and we were able to look round, and to see what was happening inside the castle, I found that nearly the whole of our gallant garrison had scattered and fled. Old Moriarty, the butler, had rushed downstairs to the cellar, and had hidden himself behind some of the big beer-barrels there; and the coachman, I believe, had retired to the stable to see after his horses; and the new footman, John Mutton, was found an hour afterwards nearly smothered in a feather-bed, which he'd contrived to tear open and get inside of. The parson, I'll do him the justice to say, stood his ground like a man, and when I looked round I found that he had dropped his sword and got hold of one of the guns, and was aiming with it through a hole in the shutters. It was one of those that Miss Abby had been carefully filling up with water out of her watering-pot, so that it wasn't very surprising that it didn't go off—only gave a snap and a sort of a snort—when he pulled the trigger.

He looked at it quite pathetically, as much as to say: "Is that the way I'm to be treated?" and with that he threw it down, and picked up his sword again—it was a sword, I may remark, that had been decorating the



walls for I don't know how long, and had about as much edge on it as a broom-handle. What he meant to do with it I don't quite know, unless it was to try and cut through one of the iron shutters, they being still between us and the enemy. Anyhow, he didn't have much time to do that or anything else, for at that moment he was called away to take part in a very different sort of exercise.

As soon as the noise outside had begun a little to subside we could hear Sir Thomas shouting at the top of his voice for his daughter Alicia.

"Alicia! Alicia! Alicia! Where's Miss Alicia? Send Miss Alicia to me!" he kept on crying as loud as ever he could bawl.

There was no answer for some time; but at last "Here I am, Papa" replied Miss Alicia, and down the stairs she came tripping, looking perfectly demure, though rather scared, and Miss Abby behind her, with her head up and her black eyes blazing, as if she were expecting to be led to execution.

Before they had reached the foot of the staircase Sir Thomas had seized hold of Miss Alicia's hand, and the next minute he had clutched the Captain's hand too, and was hobbling along the passage towards his study, pulling the two of them after him.

"I agree! I agree! I agree!" he kept repeating over and over all the time. "You said it would put a stop to them, Colonel Driscoll. You said so, and perhaps it will. Anyhow, it is a chance, the last chance, the only chance. Moriarty! John! Peter Bones! run up to the very top of the castle and open the window, and lean out, and shout to those villains below that your young mistress is married! Married! do you hear me? Married, I say. Damn it all! where have those men - servants got to?"

"What?" cried I, running over to him, "you don't surely mean that, Sir Thomas? Why, when I tell you that the whole thing is only a——"

But at that Miss Alicia and the Captain ran back to me, one on each side, and implored me in

whispers for God's sake not to speak, only to keep quiet, saying that I needn't utter a single word, if I would only hold my tongue, and leave Sir Thomas to himself.

Well, somehow or other, the absurdity of the thing got hold of me at that moment to such a degree that I could do nothing but drop down on the nearest seat and laugh. I laughed and laughed till I couldn't stir with laughing. To think that for these three years back we should all have been trying to bring Sir Thomas to consent to this marriage, and never have got one bit nearer than we were at the beginning; and that now, just because "Crooked Mouth" and "Teddy the Snipe" and "Cornerake's Egg," and a few more such young rascals came battering against the windows with sticks and stones, that he should turn round, and not only give his consent,

but insist upon the marriage being performed then and there, at such an extraordinary hour of the evening!

I suppose I ought to have persisted even then in telling him the truth, whether he chose to listen to me or not, but what with being quite weak with laughing, and what with being so pressed by Miss Alicia and the Captain, upon my word I wasn't capable of it at the moment, and by the time I had followed Sir Thomas into his study the whole thing seemed to have got itself settled, and there was nothing for anyone to do but just to stand by and let it go on.

Such an extraordinary marriage, I suppose, never was

ring, which she tore off a curtain, to the best of my belief, while the service was going on. The only person, in fact, who behaved with any approach to decency was the bride herself, and it was a sort of a salve to my conscience to see the happy, astonished glances she kept casting at the Captain, and he back at her. As for our ferocious assailants, I suppose they must have got a hint that they were to keep quiet, for there wasn't a sound from outside all the time the wedding was going on. It was so quiet, in fact, that we could hear the chuckling noise of the Anner underneath quite clearly above Dr. Kettle's exhortations.

So far you might call the whole thing a comedy, not to say a regular farce, but it was a farce that was uncommonly near turning into a tragedy in the end, as you have now to hear.

Dr. Kettle had got to about his last words, and Sir Thomas had come back for the twentieth time from looking out of the window, and Miss Alicia and the Captain were holding one another's hands, and smiling at one another like Jemmy and Jessy upon a plate, when all of a sudden there came a sound of "crack, crack, crack," from the lower wood, a sound which was uncommonly familiar to me and one which no man who has ever heard once is likely to fail to know when he hears it again.

Up to that moment I didn't know that Sir Thomas had sent down to the barrack for help, but I afterwards found that he had done so at the first alarm. Anyhow, it was plain to be seen that there was not a moment now to be lost.

It was no occasion for standing upon ceremony either, and I was across the room and up to the bridegroom in two jumps, and had gripped him hard by the shoulder.

"Listen to me, Captain Spencer," I whispered in his ear. "I've held my tongue when I ought to have spoken, and if I've behaved like a rascal to Sir Thomas, you know very well it was on your account—on yours and Miss Alicia's. And now it seems

that we shall have to pay a penalty for our rascality, and that it will be me and mine that will have to pay it. But listen to me, if one hair of Wooden-Sword's head is hurt by your soldiers this night, I'll proclaim you, Sir! I'll proclaim your share in this performance, Captain Spencer, in every barrack and assemblage of gentlemen in the kingdom! I'll denounce you, Sir! I'll——"

"Stop!" cried he quite sharply, not at all in his usual voice. "That's enough! No threats, if you please!"

With that he tore himself out of my hands, and ran as fast as he could out of the house, bareheaded, just as he was, and the next minute I heard him hulloing to the soldiers that they were going the wrong way, and that they must go up the hill instead, for that the rascals had gone off up Mangan Glen, and away across the heather.

(To be continued.)



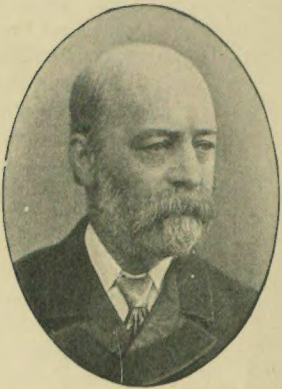
Without another word, therefore, to either of the young ladies, I unbarred the jib door.

since the world began, and of all the places Sir Thomas must select for an altar, the one he picked out was that marble table near his sofa, with the pier-glass behind it, and those two white marble hussies standing side by side in front, without a rag upon either of their shameless backs!

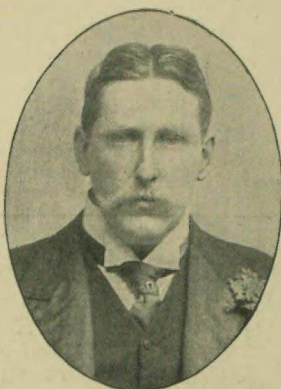
It was the only Protestant marriage I've ever assisted at, and if they are often like that I don't wonder that Protestants don't call their marriages sacraments, for anything less sacred, or decent even, I never imagined. Dr. Kettle had already begun when I went in, and was gabbling away as hard as he could go at a lot of prayers in English, which he read out of a book that he found somewhere or other. Sir Thomas and most of the rest of the congregation were looking out of the windows, and starting at every sound. Miss Abby, I think, it was, who remembered the



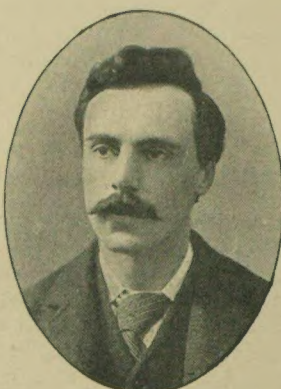
NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: HEROES OF THE CONFLICT.



*Photo Maull and Fox.*  
JOHN WILSON.—L.  
Mid Durham.  
Defeated A. Wilkinson.  
5937 to 4295.



*Photo Valerie.*  
MAJOR DALBIAC.—C.  
Camberwell.  
Defeated E. H. Bayley.  
4009 to 3316.



*Photo C. Lunn.*  
WALFORD D. GREEN.—C.  
Wednesbury.  
Defeated C. Roberts.  
4924 to 4733.



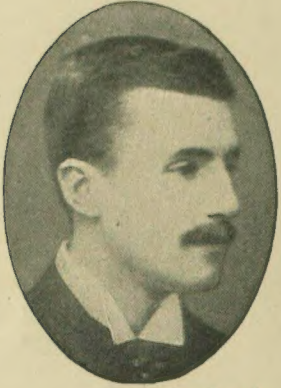
*Photo Jacques Moll.*  
H. D. DAVIES.—C.  
Chatham.  
Defeated R. H. Cox.  
4082 to 3499.



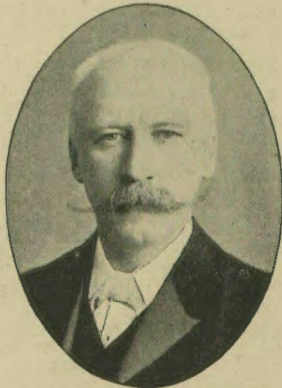
*Photo Friese Greene and Co.*  
E. H. LLEWELLYN.—C.  
North Somerset.  
Defeated T. C. Warner.  
4652 to 3966.



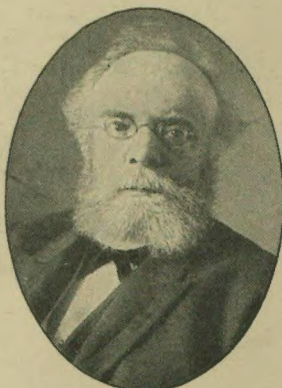
*Photo H. A. Chapman.*  
SIR J. T. D. LLEWELLYN.—C.  
Swansea Town.  
Defeated R. J. Burnie.  
3977 to 3556.



*Photo Russell and Sons.*  
LORD H. C. BENTINCK.—C.  
South Nottingham (Town).  
Defeated F. W. Maude.  
4802 to 4369.



*Photo Mayall and Co.*  
T. LOUGH.—L.  
West Islington.  
Defeated G. Barham.  
3494 to 3031.



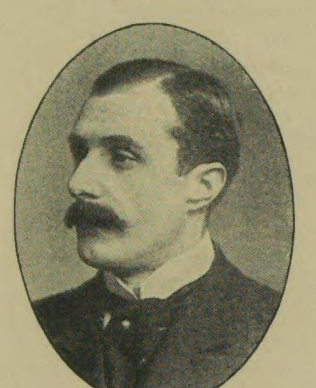
*Photo S. Walker.*  
SIR JOHN LENG.—L.  
Dundee.  
Defeated W. C. Smith.  
7592 to 5390.



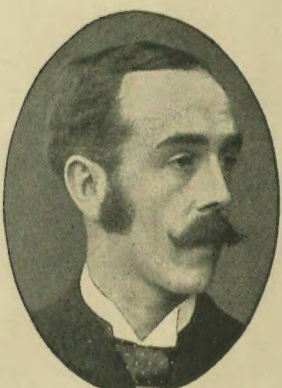
*Photo J. Bellman.*  
A. HELDER.—C.  
Whitehaven.  
Defeated T. S. Little.  
1380 to 1114.



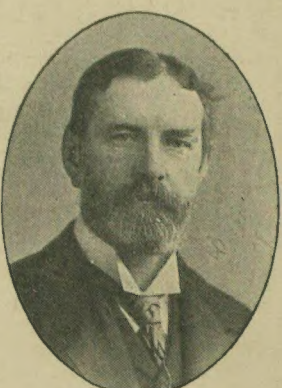
*Photo Mayall and Co.*  
J. W. LOWTHER.—C.  
Cumberland, Penrith.  
Defeated Dr. T. S. Douglas.  
3868 to 3268.



*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
HON. LIONEL HOLLAND.—C.  
Bow and Bromley, Tower Hamlets.  
Defeated J. M. Macdonald.  
4339 to 3178.



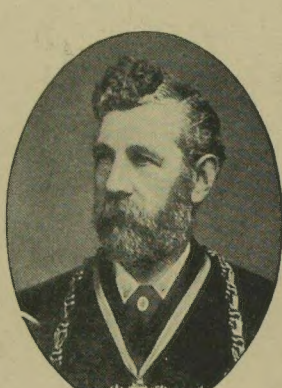
*Photo Russell and Sons.*  
D. H. COGHILL.—U.  
Stoke-upon-Trent.  
Defeated G. Leveson-Gower.  
4396 to 4196.



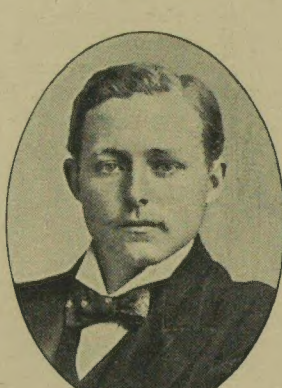
*Photo J. Hawke.*  
C. HARRISON.—L.  
Plymouth.  
Defeated Hon. E. Hubbard.  
5482 to 5456.



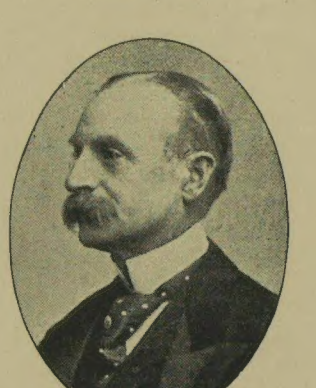
*Photo Chaffin and Sons.*  
LIEUT.-COL. WELBY.—C.  
Taunton.  
Unopposed Return.



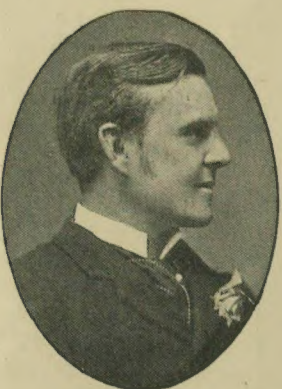
*Photo A. and G. Taylor.*  
BATTY LANGLEY.—L.  
Sheffield, Attercliffe.  
Unopposed Return.



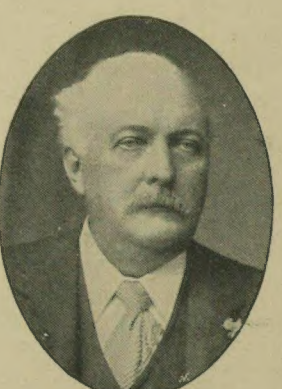
*Photo London Stereoscopic Co.*  
HON. J. SCOTT-MONTAGU.—C.  
Hants, New Forest.  
Unopposed Return.



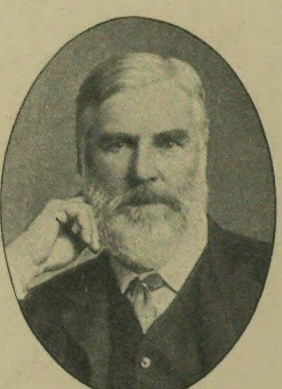
*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
LIEUT.-COL. LOCKWOOD.—C.  
Essex, Epping.  
Unopposed Return.



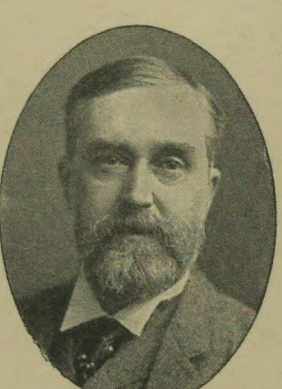
*Photo Heslop Woods.*  
J. LAWSON WALTON.—L.  
South Leeds.  
Defeated R. J. Neville.  
4608 to 4417.



*Photo Freke.*  
J. M. MACLEAN.—C.  
Cardiff District.  
Defeated Sir E. J. Reed.  
8386 to 7562.



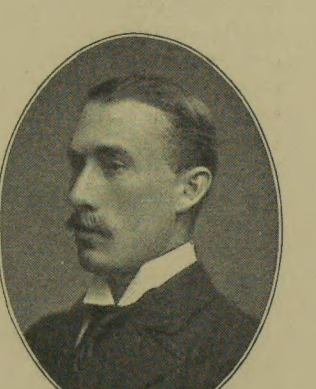
*Photo Wilkinson and Co.*  
SAMUEL HOARE.—C.  
Norwich.  
Defeated T. Terrell.  
8117 to 7329.



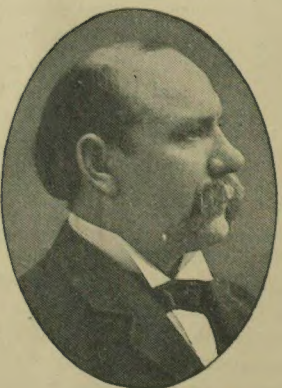
*Photo Russell and Sons.*  
LEWIS FRY.—U.  
North Bristol.  
Defeated C. Townsend.  
4702 to 4461.



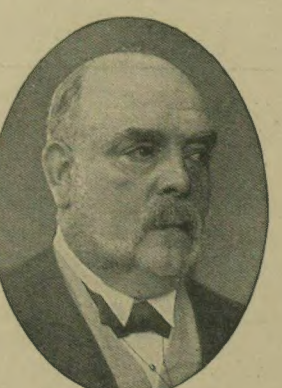
*Photo F. T. Palmer.*  
J. T. FIRBANK.—C.  
East Hull.  
Defeated Sir Clarence Smith.  
4305 to 4152.



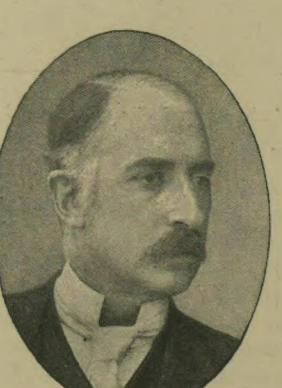
*Photo T. and R. Annan.*  
SIR J. S.-MAXWELL.—C.  
Glasgow, College.  
Defeated Sir C. Cameron.  
5364 to 4219.



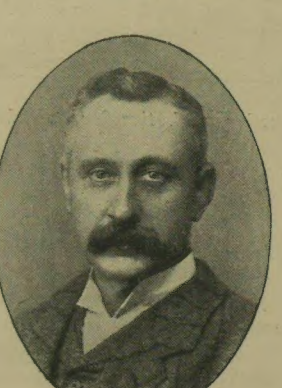
*Photo A. and G. Taylor.*  
J. SAMUEL.—L.  
Stockton-on-Tees.  
Defeated T. Wrightson.  
4786 to 4314.



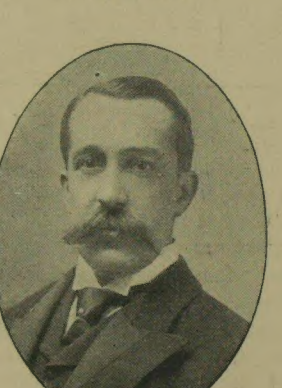
*Photo Russell and Sons.*  
MAJOR G. E. BANES.—C.  
West Ham (South Division).  
Defeated Keir Hardie.  
4750 to 3975.



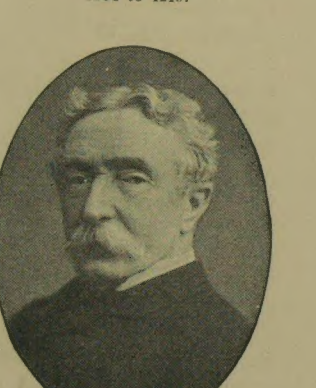
*Photo Russell and Sons.*  
SIR J. C. COLOMB.—C.  
Great Yarmouth.  
Defeated J. Moorsom.  
3543 to 2907.



*Photo C. A. Jackson.*  
R. ASCROFT.—C.  
Oldham.  
Defeated Adam Lee.  
13,085 to 12,249.



*Photo Turner and Drinkwater.*  
SIR J. T. WOODHOUSE.—L.  
Huddersfield.  
Defeated Sir J. Crossland.  
6755 to 5868.



*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
COLONEL J. J. MELLOR.—C.  
Lancashire, Radcliffe.  
Defeated Dr. S. Pollard.  
5525 to 4923.



## THE NEW FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

With a great deal of toleration and sportsmanlike fairness Mr. Zangwill has been trying to discover a soul of good in things evil; yea, even in "the New Fiction." Of course we must here take the term "new" in a restricted sense. All novels are new, to start with, or, at least, they aim at being new, though they are commonly mere *crambe repetita*. Again, everything good in art has always been "new," sometimes even to the verge of *bizar-rierie*. The metaphysics of this have been dealt with by Charles Baudelaire, and an echo of his teaching is in the mouths of æsthetic babes and sucklings. So far newness is not only no reproach to works of fiction, but is rather to be counted for excellence. Again, as far as the art of a generation, or even of a decade, reflects the notions and manners of the period, so far that art must be new. But here I would observe that all the notions and manners, or want of manners, of a decade are not worth reflecting. The pride of intellect, as coloured by Board schools and University Extension lectures and popular science for the million, exists, of course; but is it worth while to drag this form of unpicturesque superstition into literature? Penny Pessimism, very cheap and nasty, the suburban decadence of what was not so very fresh even in *Obermann*, also exists. It is not exactly new—there may be just a faint *nuance* of novelty—and an artist in fiction may leave this sentiment out, just as he may and should leave out all the nastiness of what Mr. Robert Buchanan called *Art pour Art*, as practised and understood by tallow-cheeked young Bounders. These horrible creatures are the spiritual descendants of Mr. Stiggins and the Shepherd, at work in pastures new.

This kind of newness and all the frenzies of Hysteria and Co., who yearn to write like French novelists, but lack the pluck, may be left on one side (to my thinking) by the artist in romance. Great art deals with what is permanent in human nature, with the passions of Achilles, Edipous, Hamlet, Macbeth, not with every new, wry-shaped little wrinkle which the wind of the world creates on the waters of time. The injudicious female who wants to have a large family without being married, or who wants to be married and never have any family, is one of these little crooked wrinkles of wind and water; she is no part of the cosmic wave that changes not. Yet she writes the new fiction, and her sisters advertise her, and she has her little fling and her little day. There have been female fools in all ages—nothing new in that; the momentary notice given to their vagaries is due to ignorance, curiosity, personal predilection. There is nothing durable in such people

and in their work, any more than in exaggerated sleeves. Mr. Zangwill remarks that the effervescent is the transient, but he goes on thus: "It requires a deeper vision to see that the real movement of the day is toward a closer reflection of actual life. When Mr. Howells told us a few years back that there was a little of clay in our idols—that Scott and Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, did not represent the ultimate goals of achievement or exhaust the

development from, rather than an imitation of, the treasures already in its possession."

If to differ from Mr. Howells is to utter "yells and cat-calls," nobody has been more vociferous than myself. Mr. Howells, to my mind, has neither the education, the method, the taste, nor the environment of the critic. He is surrounded by the noisy blatant to-day, which will soon be as still and as silent as the age of Elizabeth or of Menephtah.

His critical ears are deaf with the noise and his eyes dim with the dust of the present. It was no "new" discovery of Mr. Howells' that Scott is "tedious and slipshod in style, if not in matter." No; that valuable discovery was made by every contemporary critic of Sir Walter. That Thackeray "represents only the club-window view of life" is no more "new" than the stricture on Scott, and consoled many of Mr. Thackeray's forgotten contemporaries. Of course the saying is not more true than novel; "Esmond" was not seen out of a club-window, nor was the parting of Emmy and George Osborne on the eve of Waterloo. We did not need Mr. Howells to teach us to find spots on the sun or knots in a reed. Unaided, our little criticasters could make shift to see that Sir Walter nods at times, and that Beatrix Esmond was viewed out of the window of the Garrick Club.

Whether Mr. Howells revived into a second-hand newness these sagacities of the newspaper reviewer or not, one thing is certain: Mr. Howells "claimed," if I am not mistaken, that the fiction of his own generation of American novelists was a far finer kind of fiction than that of our dull ancestors. I think I could prove that, even in style and even in grammar, Fielding and Thackeray are not inferior to Professor This, Miss That, and Colonel the Other! These new writers had no such obvious superiority in manner, but, where are these new writers now? Who reads them? who remembers the names of their books or their characters? Not "newness," nor "oldness," still less "sex-mania" and dull, prurient nastiness, but the creation of characters makes the novelist. Dugald Dalgetty or Captain Costigan, mere supernumeraries, will probably outlive all the easily

forgotten people of all the American storytellers who now look on the sun; will certainly outlive all the unmentionable Messalinas of "the New Fiction." "Old types of character," in fact, are never played out; they are, have been, and will be as we find them in Homer, Aristophanes, Molière, Shakspeare, and Fielding. A new type of character is a thing nearly if not quite impossible, though we see such frantic affectation of newness. What is "new" is only the unessential, the trick of slang or manner. The rest is all as old as sin, while nothing grows musty so soon as the attempt to reproduce the unessential in art.



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SUMMER FLOWERS.—BY M. NONNENBRUCH.

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possibilities of perfection, he was met by yells and cat-calls; but now it is not unusual to hear from some home-grown critic that Scott is tedious and slipshod in style, if not in matter; that the fame of George Eliot has almost died away; that Dickens is crude and artificial; and that Thackeray represents only the club-window view of life. This is the sort of sifting to which time must inevitably subject all literary work, for it is absurd to suppose that posterity can accept any but a proportion of the work of even the greatest authors, nor does it argue any conviction of conceit in posterity to expect its own work to be a



# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXVIII.

## Welbeck Abbey.

**W**ELBECK is an immense, stately, sad building; unequalled in England as a "curiosity," with its vast underground rooms and its tunnels burrowing beneath the beautiful park in every direction; yet, as a curiosity, perhaps more impressive to imagine than to see. It is not that the great underground picture-gallery, for example, is not a very splendid and imposing room: it is, I believe, by far the largest private gallery in England, finely proportioned and fine in colour; but it does not strike one as being underground, and so, as it were, misses its point. It is merely a noble picture-gallery, lighted, like the rest of its species, from the top. And the principal tunnel cannot be less than a mile and a half long—but what is that to the Metropolitan Railway?

Yet in the idea of the whole thing there is no doubt something grandiose, as in the scale on which the fifth Duke of Portland carried out his vast imaginings. The works at Welbeck cost seven millions of money, and many years of the labour of hundreds of men. The fifth Duke built that suite of gorgeous underground rooms, those miles of tunnels, the largest riding-house in the world after

apartments not always to be seen in a big house's "show" rooms—which is, in fact, precisely what these are not. The Duke of Portland really makes Welbeck his home; and though the public are allowed, on certain conditions, to view the underground rooms, the riding-house, and the gardens, the rest of the vast edifice is simply the home of a private gentleman—on, it must be admitted, the largest conceivable scale.

The home-feeling of the place begins with the entrance-hall, a chamber not too big for cheeriness nor even for comfort. There is a great fireplace, the one thing necessary for hospitality in such a hall; and on the warm colour of its marbles the arms of the Countess of Oxford make for history as well as decoration, for it was she who built it. Two huge brown bears, shot by the present Duke in Russia, hold out inviting arms; and hangings of splendid Flemish tapestry show us an earlier owner of Welbeck, that first Duke of Newcastle who built the house. He is on horseback—no doubt in the precise attitude prescribed in his famous book on riding.

The Red, the Yellow, the Swan, and the Blue Drawing-Rooms are four stately apartments which fill the older of the two wings which make up the house, and the first and finest is a storehouse of rare and exquisite things. Perhaps the most memorable of its treasures is the earring which Charles I. wore at the block, a relic authenticated by a note in the handwriting of his granddaughter, Mary of Orange herself: "This pearl was taken out of ye King my grandfather's ear after he was beheaded, and given to the Princess Royall." Here, too, is a chalice on which are engraven the arms of Sir Henry Hene of Wingfield, Berkshire, with an inscription stating that it was from this very cup that King Charles received the Communion before his death.

After such relics as these, the dagger of Henry VIII., the emerald seal which belonged to Charles II. in his younger days, even the rosary of Henrietta Maria—"same which I pawned for £3000," if one may adapt an immortal inscription—fall into but the second rank of "curios"; but not thus may be dismissed the wonderful cases of miniature portraits, divided into their classes of royal, family, and artistic. Yet these one dare not even begin to enumerate; and a word must be enough to tell of the rich furniture and the crimson Louis Seize tapestry, whose colour has given the room its title.

Here on the walls is a wonderful collection of Vandykes; half the Royalist history of their time is in this room. Charles the Inevitable is here, with that horse as hardly excluded by the painter as the monarch's head by a later artist in words; and Charles II. as a lad, and the Queen, his mother, her portrait set apart on an easel. Over the marble mantelpiece is a fine group, of Sir Kenelm Digby and his family; and Strafford, in armour, extends a vigorous right hand.

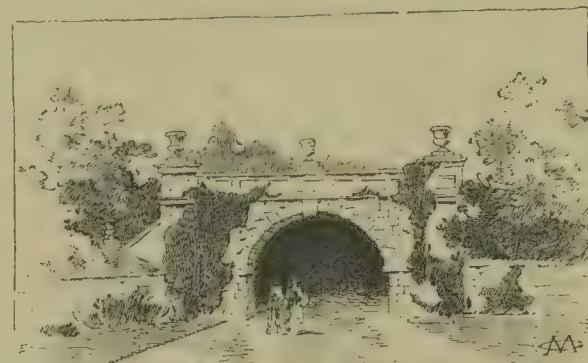
Next comes the music-room, yellow in its furnishing, rich in work of Raffaele, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Vandyke again; and next the Swan Drawing-Room—it is in the carpet that you have to "find the swan"—which holds one of the most noted portraits in the house. This is the ardent, sad, imaginative Napoleon of Paul de la Roche—a painter over whom eminent English critics have been known to fight. Perhaps a safer subject is the jewel-case of delicate brasswork, oddly described as the property of "Queen Mary II."

More pictures, rare tapestry, in the Blue Drawing-Room, which lives up to its name; but here this chronicle of the overground rooms of Welbeck must end—with bare mention of the ancient chamber in which the Duke of Newcastle wrote his "Horsemanship," and the charming Louis Seize boudoir in the Oxford wing, and the alcove room, where once stayed the Prince of Wales, surrounded by portraits of beauties of the past, Madame de Maintenon, Louise de la Vallière, the Princesse de Condé.

Yet, as a hall is something more than a room, and as there is no chronicle without a postscript, a word may be given to the Gothic Hall of the industrious Bess of Hardwick; really very splendid, with its rich and lofty fan ceiling, and the arms of all the cognate families of Welbeck on its wainscot, and family portraits above.

However, what one goes to Welbeck to see is the underground rooms, of which the climax and the end is the picture-gallery—a noble hall of immense size and excellent proportion, twenty-two feet high, and more than fifty yards long by thirty wide. The ceiling, with its three rows of great skylights, nine in a row, is a mass of wonderful ornamentation; and the two rows of chandeliers that hang between these skylights make a marvellous radiant shimmer of glass and gold when the gallery is lighted up at night. It is easy to believe the tradition that this was originally intended for a ball-room, dazzling and superb.

Of the Welbeck pictures, in this gallery and out of it, a very large book not only might be but has been written; in a dozen lines one can, in effect, only say that they exist. It was the first Earl of Oxford who began to bring them together, and his work was carried on by his son. The collection of Dutchmen is really good, and there are fine examples of other schools. As in many an old English house, the pictures of the place are, in fact, its history-books: here are, to begin with, four paintings of the actual house, with countless portraits of its bygone masters and mistresses by Vandyke, Lely, and their successors. The first Earl of Portland is here, in a characteristic portrait, and so is William, his friend and master; the manly beauty of the Duke of Newcastle quite satisfies one's imagination; and of Harleys, Cavendishes, Holles, and Bentincks there is good store. In the picture-gallery is a fine bust of the



ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL.

Duke who built it; the face is remarkable, with keen and even noble features.

Of pictures which have only their own story to tell one can find space to name but two or three: a beautiful golden Titian, the portrait of some anonymous immortal, a most excellent Holbein of another unknown in black, a Snyder of startling vigour—two lionesses chasing a doe—and a pair of admirable calm seas with stately shipping, by Van de Velde. One has to apologise for mentioning so few; how much more apology would be needed if one attempted to mention all!

Before one returns to the upper air it will be well to say one word about the other subterranean wonders of Welbeck; though, indeed, wherever one chose to place this word, there would be abundant pretext for it. For they pervade the park; everywhere the "bull's-eye" lights are to be seen, and each tells of a tunnel or an underground chamber, while of the twoscore or more lodges of the estate many have subterranean rooms. A curious point about the chief tunnel, a mile and a half long, is that one cannot imagine why it should end where it does. It begins, naturally, at the great house; and if it formed a covered way to the neighbouring town of Worksop, or even to the high road or a railway-station, one could understand its reason of existence. But its shelter—doubtless very



GREENDALE OAK.

welcome on a night of deep snow or January wind—stops suddenly in the middle of a wood. There you are, with half your journey done, left on a forest road no better nor worse than many another; and while in winter you have thus not been greatly aided, in summer you have exchanged a mile and more of lovely woodland for an interminable monotony of stuffy tunnel, dark on the brightest day of June. The round skylights which glimmer down on you every twenty yards or so make at best only a dim starshine



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

that of the Czar at Moscow; and in great part rebuilt the Abbey itself, adding a third storey to the southward half of the house, and giving the beautiful terrace, by raising and making level the ground at the base of the east and west fronts.

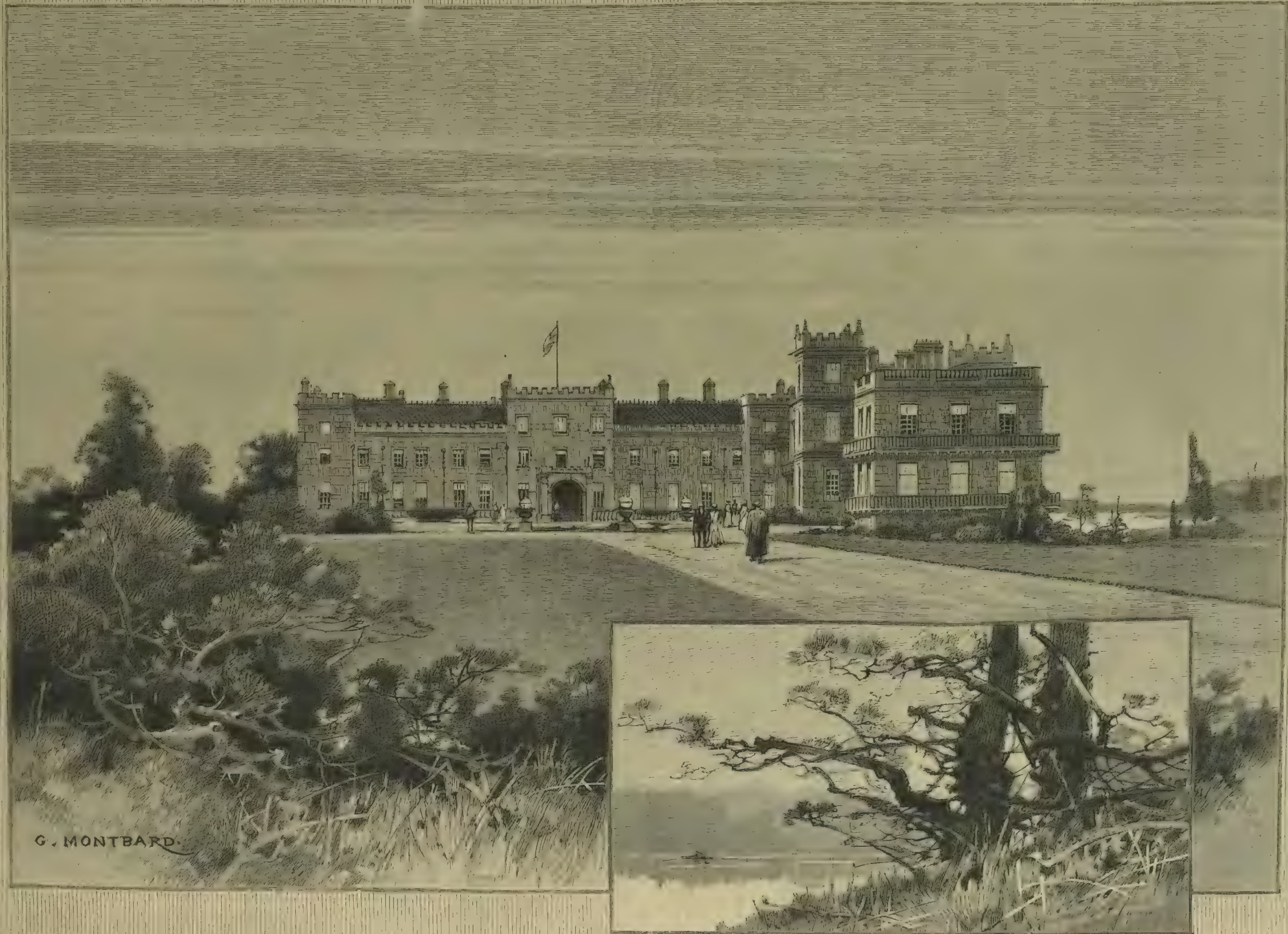
Welbeck Abbey—where for many centuries has been no abbot—is in Robin Hood's land, standing in a great park where Sherwood Forest was. The cosy Nottinghamshire town of Worksop lies to the north, perhaps four miles from the Abbey door; it is the centre of the "Dukeries," as the district is still called, though of the four neighbour dukes two—those of Norfolk and Kingston—have disappeared, leaving only the Dukes of Newcastle and Portland, in their twin seats of Clumber and Welbeck.

The huge Palladian building looks its best from the further shore of its lake—the loveliest of all the five that give a constant charm to the wide park, set as they are among dark trees, smooth green terraces, and stretching lawns, and ever haunted by swans and countless widgeon. There is now no outward sign of the ancient Abbey itself, the first dwelling on this spot of which authentic record has come down to us; but the present servants' hall was probably its refectory, and so has been a place of eating for seven centuries and a half, for the Abbey was built or begun in 1140. Nothing else remains, except some dormitories and the foundation walls and arches.

It was the first Duke of Newcastle who raised the great mansion which was the nucleus of the greater one of to-day, on the ground storey of the dilapidated Abbey; and of his house the nine-gabled east front—looking across its terraces to the lake—and the north side, with three lofty gables, are still much as he left them. But the main western front has been improved, if not out of existence, at all events beyond recognition.

Within the house is, of course, much to be seen besides the rooms which came a generation ago to make it famous; and there is a cheerful humanity about its older state





ENTRANCE VIEW.

A CORNER OF THE LAKE.





WELBECK ABBEY, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.



in the long passage; and, as in an office in mid-London, gas is needed all the year round.

I have mentioned the famous riding-house at Welbeck, but there are in effect two—the old and the new—for the first Duke of Newcastle built one, which has of late years been converted into a chapel and library. The fifth Duke of Portland had turned this room, originally 120 ft. long, into a magnificent apartment of 182 ft., intended, apparently, for a ball-room. He it was who gave it the thirty windows of its south side, the deep mirror of plate-glass which goes all round it, the splendour of crystal sparkling from its huge chandeliers, its multitude of lesser lights backed by mirrors, its radiant pillars, and its ceiling painted as a brilliant southern sky.

For a riding-house, however, this older building is not in the running—the idiom seems appropriate—with its successor, a wonderful place, 385 ft. long and 104 ft. broad, with a tan gallop of 1270 ft.; to which it is joined, as one need hardly say, by a tunnel. Here can the lucky horses of Welbeck take their exercise in winter weather; and their riders may return to the Abbey under shelter, through yet another tunnel which is said to be nearly a mile long. The riding-house is lighted by eight thousand jets of gas, and the tan-gallop covered with a roof of some 64,000 square feet of glass.

After this come the hunting-stables; and then one turns to a little town of building-sheds, cottages, cow-sheds, schools and club, and other buildings very worthy of note. This is in its way as interesting as anything at Welbeck; the school is admirably managed, and the Working Men's Club, established by the present Duke, was the model of the club started at Sandringham by the Prince of Wales. A pretty thought of the Duchess's, too, was the group of houses for the poor, not far from the entrance to the park—called "The Winnings," because it was raised to commemorate the successes of Ayrshire, Donovan, and some of their colleagues in the Welbeck stables.

But nothing in the park is finer than the park itself. It is ten miles round, they say, and rich with all the beauties of the ancient Sherwood Forest, within whose limits it lies. Round the string of pleasant lakes—opal and sapphire, glimmering under the pure, quiet sky—little hills of dark wood run up, with lawns of glowing green beside them, and unfathomable depths of coolness in the hottest noon. Forest-strangers from furthest north and south have come to give their dark splendours to the groves: cypress and cedar, acacia and mountain-ash, thrive by the sunlit lakes as if they were in their native soil. A herd of rare white deer roams among them, and all manner of wild things still inhabit the depths of Sherwood.

Then there are the famous oaks of Welbeck: the Seven Sisters, the Ruysdael, the Porter Oaks—so called because there was anciently a gateway between them—and, of course, the chief of all, the historic Greendale Oak. Of this the legend says—let us hope untruly—that a huge opening was made through its trunk, already gaping, in order that the first Duke of Portland might win his bet that a carriage and four could drive through it. This was in 1724, when the circumference of the trunk above the arch was 35 ft. 3 in., and the height of the arch itself 10 ft. 3 in. In Thoroton's "Nottinghamshire" the age of the Greendale Oak is estimated at 1500 years; but Major Rooke, who wrote a book about the oaks at Welbeck a century ago, more moderately set it down at above seven hundred. The tree is, of course, completely a ruin, propped up and chained; but one green branch has kept up a long struggle to put forth its little tribute to the spring.

Upon a fair estimate, one may reckon that this snow-wintered oak was a sapling just about the time that Saxon scribes were setting down the first record which has survived to our day, of that section of old Sherwood which the Duke of Portland now owns. The first historic owner of that part of the parish of Cuckney which included Welbeck was Sweyn, a Saxon, who held it in the time of Harold. After the Conquest it was granted to Jocens le Flemangh, who came over with William the Norman; and Jocens had a son Richard, who had a son of like name, who had a son Thomas. To this Thomas we owe the beginnings of the Abbey of Welbeck.

For Thomas de Cuckney, though an excellent courtier and a mighty warrior, was also a man of a religious mind. He raised a castle at Cuckney, of which the remains have not yet wholly vanished; but he also built this abbey, where for centuries the White Canons prayed for the souls of the pious founder and his family. These canons had their name from the cassock and rochet, long cloak and cap, all of white, which they wore. They were Præmonstratensian canons; and their abbey, founded in the reign of Stephen, so grew and prospered that in 1512 all the five-

and-thirty houses of this order were in the custody of the Abbot of Welbeck. After close upon four centuries of life, however, they were disturbed by Henry VIII.; and in 1538—398 years after its first beginning—the abbey and the lands about it were bought by one Richard Whalley. Twenty years later it was sold again to Edward Osborne, citizen and clothworker of London; and after another seven-and-thirty years it passed to Robert Booth and Rannulph Cotterall. From them it was bought by Bess of Hardwick, the Countess of Shrewsbury, who made herself famous by her many marriages and much building.

Her history has been told often enough, and it will suffice to say that she settled Welbeck upon Sir Charles Cavendish, her last son by her third husband—who was the last but one. Sir Charles wedded the heiress of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle; and his son William achieved successively the titles of Lord Ogle, Viscount Mansfield, Baron Cavendish of Bolsover, Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and finally Earl of Ogle and Duke of Newcastle.

This was that famous Duke who devoted his life and his wealth to the cause of the Stuarts. A man of rare accomplishment, he had the singular good fortune to leave as his biographer a widow whose veneration for him was matched by her skill as a writer. Throughout his life, as she tells it, one finds the ruling passion, devotion to his king—a devotion only paralleled, it is curious to note, by that of a succeeding master of Welbeck for a monarch of an opposing dynasty. From first to last the records of this passionate loyalty succeed each other in her story. When Charles I. was going to Scotland, there to be crowned, he dined at Welbeck; and the banquet was such as the country had never seen before, and cost between four and five thousand pounds. His Majesty liked this, so well (says the Duchess in her history) that a year after his return

None the less we can all see—now that Macaulay has opened our eyes—the romance of his steadfast life, as it is painted in numberless little touches in memoirs and letters of Temple, of Burnet, of William, of Bentinck himself. Perhaps no prince had ever a friend more utterly devoted and sincere than Bentinck. Long before his fellow-countryman came over to rule among us, and at the last hour of that ruler's life, Bentinck was by his side. He was there always, one may say, except when the jealousy, without which love hardly exists, made him refuse to share the place with a more pliant rival.

Hans William Bentinck was descended from an ancient Dutch family. At the commencement of the fourteenth century a knight named Benteing or Bentinck held a castle near Gossel, between Deventer and Zutphen; and there is record of a Wicherus Benteing, who was flourishing in 1233. As a gentleman of his bedchamber, Hans William accompanied the Prince of Orange on a visit to his future country in 1670, and then received his first English title; for he was made a D.C.L. of Oxford. Three years later, in war-time, the Prince fell ill of smallpox, and for sixteen days and nights Bentinck tended him constantly; and only left, when William had recovered, to go home dangerously ill of the same disease.

But there can never have been a dweller in the Courts of kings who was less of a courtier, in the baser sense of the word. In dealing with his monarch, whose later life had its share of flatterers, and with the English Court, which he despised most completely, his honesty would seem to have taken more than a shade of harshness. Abroad, where as an ambassador an amiable dignity was required of him, his manner was perfect; his success in diplomacy was marked, and with nations differing as widely as the French and Germans of the seventeenth century. His temper only got the better of him, it would seem, when he found that he had a rival in the friendship of William—that gayer and more obsequious Dutchman, Keppel, Earl of Albemarle.

But though, after years of dissension, Portland resigned all his places in the royal household, the king would not allow such a friendship to die; indeed it was never absolutely broken, and William's last word was a cry for Bentinck. He came at once, and gave his hand to the dying king, "who carried it to his heart with great tenderness."

More than one Bentinck has had an unpopularity which he has not quite deserved. The third Duke of Portland—for the earls were soon turned into dukes—was not, of course, a satisfactory Prime Minister, or in any sense a great man; but he

seems to have been in many respects a very good man, and even an excellent Minister in posts only lower than the highest. As Viceroy of Ireland he left a name long and honourably remembered; and there are records of the immense amount of work he got through during the seven years (1794-1801) of his Home Secretaryship. He was no doubt a man nervous in emergencies, and in his second term of office as Premier much too old and timid for such a post.

When his son, Lord William Bentinck, returned from India—the land for which he laboured unceasingly—no less a man than James Mill was able to say of him, "When I consider what he is, and what he has done in a most important and difficult situation, I know not where to look for his like." Yet Lord William had been recalled from his office as Governor of Madras—a censure which he felt very deeply, but against which he appealed, practically in vain. Whatever mistakes he may have made, he did great work for the country he governed—most of all in the matter of education.

But Lord George Bentinck, the brother of the late Duke of Portland, may almost be said to have reversed the doom of these earlier members of his house; and it would have been strange indeed if he had not won to the full the popularity he deserved. Tall, remarkably handsome, high-spirited, skilful at all games, passionately devoted to the national pastime of racing—even making some attempt to correct the more glaring abuses of the Turf of his time—how should he not be a favourite with Englishmen? He was a keen politician, too; but the ruling passion was made manifest in one saying to Disraeli, his friend and biographer. From a genuinely patriotic motive he had given up racing for politics, that he might oppose with all his power the abolition of the Corn Laws. He was, of course, beaten; and immediately afterwards a horse which he had sold with his stud won the Derby. "All my life," he cried in the deepest grief, "have I been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it!" The future Lord Beaconsfield said something by way of consolation; but Lord George was not to be comforted. "You do not know what the Derby is!" he muttered. The touch is worthy of Thackeray.

EDWARD ROSE.



WELBECK ABBEY: SIDE VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.

out of Scotland he was pleased to send my Lord word that the Queen was resolved to make a progress into the northern parts, "desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her as he had formerly done for him." This my Lord did with a will, giving up Welbeck for their Majesties to lodge in, and holding the entertainment at Bolsover Castle, some five miles off. He employed the great Ben Jonson himself to write a masque for the occasion; and it was called "Love's Welcome," and was performed on May 21, 1633. Altogether, in welcoming his sovereign my Lord spent some fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds.

If such things were done in the days of peace, it needs not to be said how William Cavendish aided his royal master when war-time came. From first to last he is said to have raised more than a hundred thousand men for the King's armies; and he was himself Captain-General for the Northern and Eastern Counties. Welbeck he turned into a garrison, leaving his daughter Jane in command there when he was away.

He died in 1676, leaving as his *magnum opus* the house at Welbeck—and, by-the-bye, that treatise on horsemanship. His granddaughter Margaret, marrying the Earl of Clare, took the estates into the Holles family, and, not long after, the title—for Lord Clare was made Duke of Newcastle in 1694. Margaret's only daughter married Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, whose name is kept green by the Harleian Library; and an only daughter of the next generation married William, second Duke of Portland. This was the grandson of the famous Hans William Bentinck, King William's Portland.

Half a century ago Bentinck the First must have seemed but a commonplace personage to turn into a hero. "A wooden fellow" Marlborough called him in his lifetime, and one can understand how the nickname came to stick. He was a Dutchman, which sounds unromantic to begin with; he was thrice married, and the first time left his dying wife to attend his prince on the expedition to England. For the greater part of his life he was the best-hated man in England—and one of the richest. "He took whatever he thought he could honestly take," says his historian; and it was a good deal.

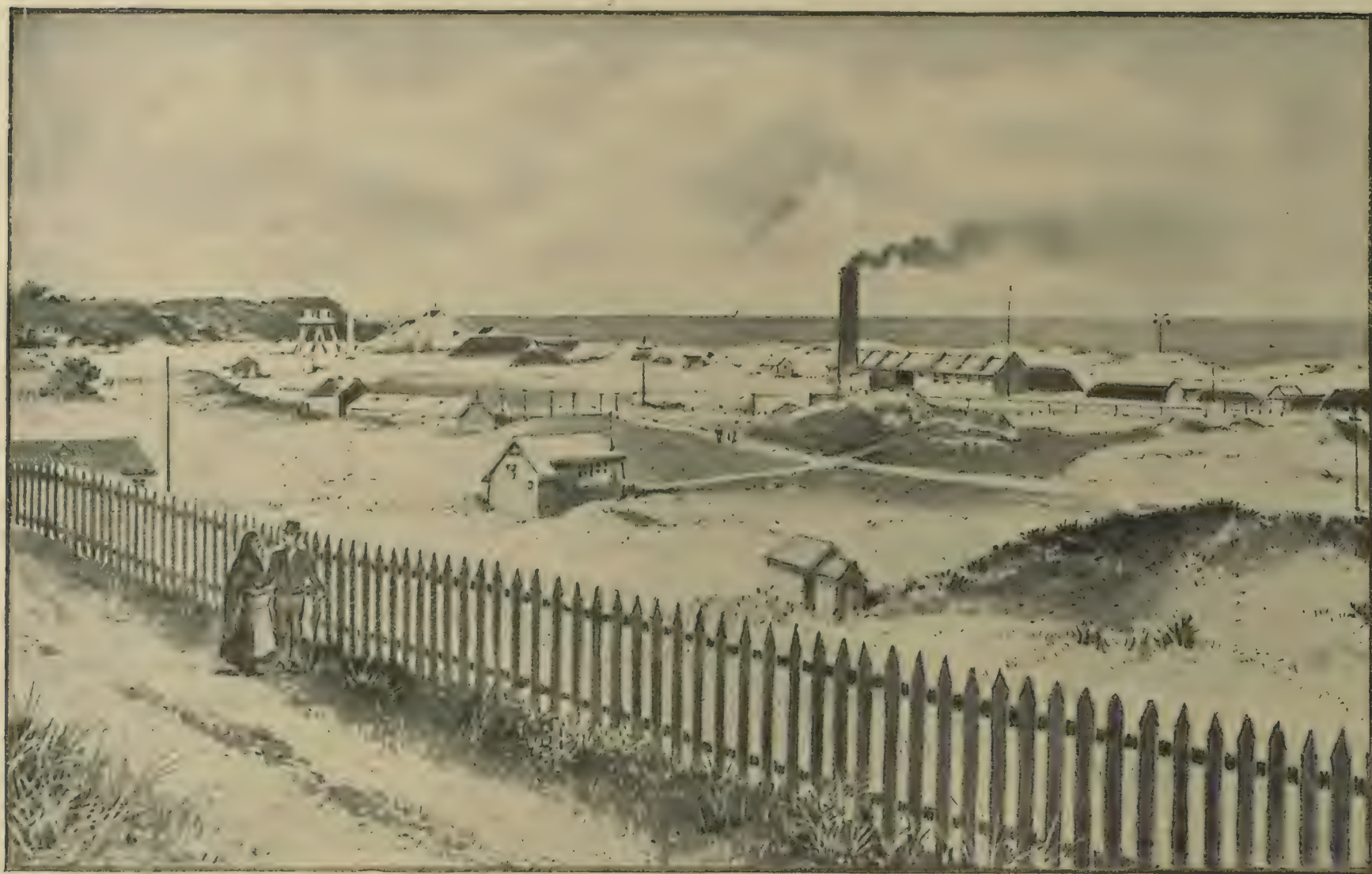




VIEW FROM PRIVATE GARDENS.

THE LAKE.





THE CORDITE WORKS AT ARKLOW, COUNTY WICKLOW, MENTIONED IN THE DEBATE PRECEDING THE DEFEAT OF THE LATE GOVERNMENT.



LAYING THE TELEGRAPH CABLE FROM GALLEY COVE TO THE FASTNET LIGHTHOUSE.

*From Sketches by L. Shafto Connell, H.M.S. "Monarch."*





1. Getting under Weigh.

2. Under Racing Topsails for a Light Breeze.

3. Rigged for a Stiff Sailing Breeze.

4. Crossing the Atlantic.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT "VALKYRIE III."



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Nature is rich; those two eggs you ate for breakfast this morning might, if hatched, have peopled the world with poultry," says Carlyle. A sentence I read in a contemporary last week makes me inclined to reverse the proposition. "That fowl you cut up for dinner this evening might, if allowed to live, have kept £37,000 per day in the pockets of the nation." For, incredible as it may seem, that is the sum England sends abroad per diem in exchange for that one article of food so necessary to our existence. Seeing that the said contemporary gave chapter and verse for its statement, I am not at liberty to question its statistics.

If those statistics be true they constitute a terrible indictment for improvidence against us. It requires no science to know that poultry-keeping is within the capacity of nearly everyone who has a few feet of ground or garden behind his house. And the least observant of travellers will tell one how on the Continent eggs are collected from far and near by the factors in a district, packed, and dispatched for the English market. In fact, the moment one lands on foreign shores and penetrates over such a little distance inland, the thing is forced on one's notice.

Why cannot we do the same? The thing involves no cost, no labour, no knowledge. Nor must we be told that Englishmen consume more eggs per head than any other nation. That is not true. The French cookery books contain over six hundred different recipes for cooking eggs. The German Mrs. Glasco is not quite so inventive in that respect; the Austrian is even more clever than the French, the Dutch nearly as clever. In short, there is not one Continental nation which has not at least a hundred different ways of "accommodating" eggs; while there is not one English housewife out of every hundred who can give you a decent omelette, and not ten professed English cooks out of every thousand whose knowledge does not stop short at the fifteenth or twentieth recipe. When she has boiled, poached, fried, or scrambled your eggs, her hand travels involuntarily to her cap, where her brain ought to be, and after a minute or so of supposed cogitation, she confesses herself *à bout d'invention*. There is no Continental nation that I am acquainted with that advertises baking and custard powders as a substitute for eggs. "The egg," says Grimod de la Reynière, as great a gastronomic authority as Brillat-Savarin; "the egg is to a culinary preparation as the article to a grammatical composition—namely, indispensable"; and the foreign cook never pretends to dispute the dictum.

Then why, I repeat, has the foreign cook, using more eggs than the English, sufficient and to spare? Why is the English cook, using fewer than her foreign compeer, obliged to put her hand in her pocket and compelled to buy of the foreigner? Simply because the English peasantry—as distinct from the English farmer—are improvident. There are many more ways of being improvident than one. Not to husband one's resources, however small, is one way; not to create resources which are virtually ready to hand is another. Zola's peasantry in "La Terre" are simply revolting in their greed and sordidness; the English peasantry need not imitate these, but they might well learn a lesson from them in other ways. They might learn the lesson of poultry-keeping and growing vegetables for the market on a small scale; they might learn the lesson of the stockpot and the bread-pan without becoming as sordid and avaricious as they.

And those above them in the commercial scale might follow suit, especially in many things relating to the comfort of the inner man. For the last two decades there has come over the spirit of the English a notable change with regard to the pleasure derived from taking their meals in public. Who has benefited most by that change? The semi-Italian, semi-Swiss caterers—not the English. There was no reason why the latter should have allowed that trade to slip out of their hands; yet one cannot close one's eyes to the fact that they have done so. Seventy-five per cent. of the catering for the middle class public devolves upon erstwhile Swiss or German waiters.

What is the reason? Because the English waiter, except of the best class, is a creature to be avoided. The Frenchman and Swiss and German, even if wanting in training, wait upon one as if it were a pleasure to them. The best English waiter makes one feel that he is merely performing a duty; the worst, that he is doing you a favour. The English cook as an artist does practically not exist. He concocts dishes, and induces his manager to print them on his bill of fare without the faintest idea on either part of what they should be. The magic word *à la* this or *à la* the other is considered sufficient. "*A la* may be your God here," said a friend of mine after having tried six or seven of those high-sounding concoctions in a West-End restaurant—"A la may be your God here, but assuredly your cook is not his prophet."

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## TROPHIES

PRESENTED BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR

TO THE

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.



Photo by A. Debenham, Cover.

THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

This cup is offered for competition among schooners and yawls of forty tons (Thames measurement) and upwards built in Europe. They must belong to any recognised European yacht club, being bona-fide cruisers and not yachts which usually race in handicap races. The Sailing Committee handicap the vessels as they deem just. Yachts must sail in cruising trim, but sails are limited to ordinary cruising canvas, no balloon sails allowed, except one spinnaker, one small jib-topsail, and small main-topmast staysail, for schooners. The race takes place over the old Queen's course (revised).



Photo by A. Debenham, Cover.

THE METEOR CHALLENGE SHIELD.

This Challenge Shield is open for competition among all yachts of any rig built in Europe, and belonging to any recognised European yacht club, exceeding one hundred rating. No handicap. Yachts sail in cruising trim, and the winner of the shield has to defend it the following year, when, if again won, it becomes his possession.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is claimed by one of the Church papers that the Unionist successes in Wales show that it is not certain that a majority of the inhabitants of Wales are in favour of Disestablishment. Sir John Jenkins, the Unionist member for Carmarthen, would not declare himself against Disestablishment, but he added he would never support such a Bill as Mr. Asquith's; and on this understanding he was supported by Churchmen. It is stated that Mr. Strauss, who has superseded Mr. Conybeare in the Camborne division of Cornwall, takes the same position. No seats have been won by the Unionists in the dioceses of St. Asaph and Bangor. Alderman Phillips, who has just returned from addressing a number of meetings in North Wales, speaks favourably of the work and prospects of the Church. During the last six weeks no fewer than half a million of leaflets were circulated by Church defenders in the neighbourhood of Llandaff.

On the other hand, well-informed Liberals say that the changes at Cardiff and Swansea, the leading towns in Wales, are due to the secession of the Roman Catholics. One writer reports that as the Catholic voters at Cardiff went into the polling-booth, prominent members of their community whispered to one after another, "Remember the Bishop's last word." When the Tory victory was declared, the bells of St. Peter's Catholic Church rang a merry peal. This, it is thought, will considerably affect the attitude of Welshmen towards Home Rule.

A lively discussion is going on as to whether children get any good from a day in the country. An experienced Sunday-school superintendent says that he thinks it is a success: it makes the red-letter day of the year for the children. He thinks that it is wise to take as many mothers as possible, as it divides the responsibility, and ensures better behaviour on the journey and at meals. A good many other writers bear similar witness. One says that he took over one thousand children to the seaside; he begged the money, and it was the happiest holiday he ever had himself, while the delight of the children—most of whom had never seen the sea before—was past all telling. He did not receive a single complaint as to behaviour.

"Peter Lombard" tells a story of Spoffkins, a well-known and popular City rector, who was in his vestry after service on Sunday evening, and, like most of his brethren, was solicited by a beggar, who, of course, had a ready story for the occasion. Spoffkins cut him rather short. He was accustomed to such tales, and always found on investigation that they were untrue. The man persisted, and Spoffkins was still harder. "No," said he firmly, "I shall give you nothing; you don't work in the parish, still less do you sleep in the parish." The beggar was nettled, as he saw that the refusal was decided. "Not sleep in the parish?" said he; "why, I slept all through your sermon this evening." Spoffkins was deeply moved, and gave him a shilling.

Lord Salisbury has to appoint a successor to the Bishop of Winchester. The bishopric is looked upon as one of the great places of the Church. It was Lord Salisbury who appointed Dr. Thorold to the see. Unfortunately the late Bishop was always more or less of an invalid, suffering especially from asthma. Notwithstanding, he contrived to do much hard and useful work. During late years he was generally popular. He was on terms of the closest intimacy with Dr. A. K. H. Boyd of St. Andrews. A. K. H. B.'s gossip volumes are full of stories about the Bishop and his work.

The Rev. Dr. Waller, who has been appointed President of the Wesleyan Conference, is a man of striking and dignified presence, and has shown himself possessed of great administrative power. There is no exciting business before the Conference, but the reports received show that the work over the country generally is in a hopeful state.

There have been complaints against the invitation extended to Dr. Barnardo to speak on the subject of Waifs and Strays at the Norwich Church Congress—an invitation which has been accepted. It is stated, in reply, that considerably more than half of Dr. Barnardo's five thousand orphan and waif children are the children of Church of England parents, and are trained as such, while the greater part of his funds is subscribed by members of the Church of England. In the boarding-out branch of his work most of the centres are under the supervision of Church of England clergymen. A fine church has recently been built at the Girls' Home in Ilford, to which Dr. Barnardo has appointed a Church of England chaplain.

The *Church Times*, in reply to a clergyman, says, "The title 'Reverend' is one of courtesy only, and can by custom only be restricted to those in holy orders. The custom once was so to restrict it, but it is the custom no longer, and accordingly the application of it to Dissenting ministers includes no admission that they possess orders."

The Rev. W. D. Boycott, Rector of Burgh St. Peter, has been appointed diocesan inspector of schools for the deanery of East Brooke, in the diocese of Norwich. Mr. Boycott is a brother of the Captain Boycott who added a new word to the English language.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS FOR BANK HOLIDAY.—The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, July 29, to Monday, Aug. 5 inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the London and North-Western Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at any of the town receiving offices of the company at the same fares as at Euston Station. The company also announce that on Friday, Aug. 2, a special train will leave Euston at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland. On this date the 2 p.m. train from London (Euston) will convey passengers to the Furness line, West Cumberland Stations beyond Keswick, Carlisle, and Scotland only. Passengers for Keswick and Penrith will be conveyed by the 2.10 p.m. train. On Saturday, Aug. 3, the 2 p.m. train from London (Euston) will convey passengers to the Furness Line, West Cumberland Stations beyond Keswick, Carlisle, and Scotland only. Passengers for Keswick and Penrith will be conveyed by the 2.10 p.m. train. A special train will leave Willesden Junction at 2.57 p.m. for Blisworth, Weedon, Rugby, Trent Valley Stations, and Stafford. Special trains will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham, arriving at 6.21 p.m. and 6.50 p.m. respectively. The 7 p.m. express from Birmingham to London will travel via Northampton, thus affording an additional service from Birmingham to Northampton, and Northampton to London. Cheap excursions will be run by this company from London to Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Dudley, Walsall, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Huddersfield, Bradford, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Aberystwyth, Borth, Abergavenny, South and Central Wales, Chester, North Wales, Bolton, Blackburn, Southport, Morecambe, Blackpool, Carlisle, the English Lake District, Scotland, and to various other places on the Company's system.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have often remarked in this column that if people would only make themselves acquainted with even the rudiments of scientific knowledge, they would save themselves much needless speculation regarding matters which border on the superstitious, and which are allied to the mystical in their nature. This observation has been again suggested to me by the perusal in the current number of the *Strand Magazine* of an article written by the Countess of Munster, and entitled "A True Ghost Story." Many of my readers will doubtless have read the article; but for the information of those who may not have seen the number of the *Strand* in question, I may briefly indicate the leading points involved in the narrative detailed by Lady Munster. She had become "the object of the infatuated adoration" of a person (Miss L.) of her own sex, who, by the way, once held a post at Court. After resigning this post the lady came to reside near the Countess. Her friendship seems to have been somewhat of a trial, for she was "deeply, passionately, and unjustifiably jealous." Then the friend fell ill, and while laid on a sick-bed occupied herself and "found strange comfort" in foretelling to the Countess things, "mostly trivialities," which she declared would happen to Lady Munster after her (the friend's) death.

Among other prophecies was that which foretold that an old lady would buy some of her work at a bazaar, and it so fell out, Lady Munster tells us, that an old lady did buy all the work which Miss L. had executed. I may remark in passing that I fail to see anything more in this "prophecy" save a simple coincidence. Is it such an unusual thing for an old lady (who presumably knew Miss L., since she asked for her work by name) to buy the articles made by a dead friend at a bazaar? I presume also the old lady knew of Lady Munster's friendship for Miss L., and it was but natural she should inquire if the Countess had any of the work done by the deceased on sale at her stall. Miss L. died, and then, about a year and a half after her death, "she" (that is, her apparition) appeared to Lady Munster. The Countess, be it noticed, had been suffering intensely from brow ache. She had gone to bed early, "but not to sleep"—exactly the state of brain favouring the occurrence of such an illusion as she recounts. At the chiming of the midnight hour, turning restlessly in her bed, Lady Munster saw "poor L. standing close to a screen," between the Countess and the door. L. was looking at the Countess. "She was in her usual dress, wearing (what was then called) a 'cross-over,' which was tied behind, while her bonnet (which she was always in the habit of taking off as she came upstairs) was, as usual, hanging by the ribbon on her arm."

These are instructive points in Lady Munster's narrative. This was no apparition clad in the cerements of the grave, but a reproduction, exact in every respect, of the appearance of Miss L. in life. The apparition stood for a minute or so, and then glided towards Lady Munster, who called out in affectionate terms to it, as if she had forgotten that her friend was dead. As suddenly as the figure appeared, it disappeared, and there is an end of the story in so far as its facts are concerned. It is not necessary in the least for Lady Munster to tell us that she is ready to vouch for the truth of the narrative. No physiologist for a moment will doubt her account in any one particular. What every physiologist will at once question will be Lady Munster's interpretation of the incident. Her doctor, described as an old and trusted friend, was told of the occurrence. It seems very curious to me that a medical man should not have given the Countess of Munster some plain, practical information about the *rationale* of illusions and apparitions, such as any elementary text-book on physiology may be found to contain. If anyone is content, as Lady Munster indicates, to hold that because he or she has an illusion of the presence of a dear friend, a corner of the veil hiding the unseen has therefore been raised, I can only say that the subject of the illusion must be content with a very poor and scanty revelation of the nether world.

As I understand Lady Munster's views regarding her "true ghost story," she is firmly convinced that the spirit, spectre, shade, or apparition of Miss L. appeared to her as a visitant from that "other place," whereof I may say, without disrespect to anyone's beliefs, we happily know nothing whatever. What people have apparently to learn is that there is no more frequent occurrence in brain-functions than the production of illusions of sight and hearing, both consequent on some irritation, fatigue, or allied conditions (represented in Lady Munster's case) of the organ of mind. It is an old story now, surely, that upon the sensitive parts of the eye and the ear, memories may be projected from the brain, as sound-waves and light-waves are projected upon eye and ear from the outer world and transferred to the brain, giving us our information regarding things external to us. When the brain-centres acting in the reverse direction irritate the eye's retina, there is excited in us the impression of seeing something which has no real, outside, or objective existence at all. This is the "subjective" sensation of the physiologist, and this is the explanation of the illusions and apparitions of sights and sounds which may beset our waking lives. To put the matter plainly, any apparition such as Lady Munster saw really comes from the inside of our own heads.

If Lady Munster and my readers at large desire to have a complete record of apparitions and illusions, let them devote a little time to the perusal of Dr. Tuke's great work on "Mind and Brain" (Churchill), or of Carpenter's "Mental Physiology" (Kegan Paul and Co.) I have summed up the scientific evidence of such common illusions in the chapter entitled "Coinages of the Brain" in a work of my own, entitled "Studies in Life and Sense" (Chatto). To these sources of detailed information I refer those anxious to discover the rational, as opposed to the superstitious, explanation of the byways of brain action. The faculty of projecting and materialising, as it were, our memories and fancies is not at all uncommon in minds of a certain type, as physicians know.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E. E.—The problems, we regret to say, are of a type nobody now dreams of publishing.

J. W. Scott.—Thanks. In future we should like all problems on diagrams, as both time and trouble are thereby saved.

C. M. A. B.—If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, he discovers check, the pinning of the Black Queen signifying nothing. White's reply of Kt from K 5th to Q 3rd stops the check, and, in turn, discovers check and mate.

M. H. J. (Maitland Park).—We cannot agree with you. Our opinion is quite the contrary.

Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly).—Your appreciation of Mr. Kidson's problem is shared by many, and is well deserved.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2663 and 2664 received from E. C. Unthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of No. 2668 from James Stuart (Bremersdorp, Swaziland); of No. 2671 from B. N. Bhawe (Indore); of Nos. 2673 and 2674 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2675 from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Emile Frau (Lyons), G. Douglas Angus, and E. G. Boys; of No. 2676 from M. A. Eyre (Boulogne), E. G. Boys, Emile Frau, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), S. Seijas (Barcelona), E. Ellaby, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), F. Glanville, F. Leete (Sudbury), R. H. Brooks, C. M. A. B., and J. Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2677 received from L. Desanges, C. E. Perugini, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. H. Brooks, E. Ellaby, T. G. (Ware), G. R. Bennett, G. Douglas Angus, H. Rodney, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Meursius (Brussels), Hereward, W. Wright, E. B. Foord, J. F. Moon, H. S. Brandreth, F. Glanville, W. R. Raillem, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), T. Roberts, J. Hall, Bruno Feist (Cologne), J. S. Martin (Kidderminster), M. A. Eyre, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Shadforth, Albert Dison (Birstal), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), Julia Short (Exeter), E. E. H. M. Burke, F. J. Candy, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. P. Hind, Fred James (Wolverhampton), Ubique, Albert Wolff, R. Worters (Canterbury), E. Loudon, G. R. Albiston (Manchester), and Charles L. West (Swansea).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR. WATERHOUSE'S PROBLEM received from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), G. R. Bennett, H. S. Brandreth, A. W. Elliot, and G. Douglas Angus.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2676.—By G. F. Scott.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q 6th

2. Q to K 3rd (ch)

3. Kt mates.

BLACK.

K takes R

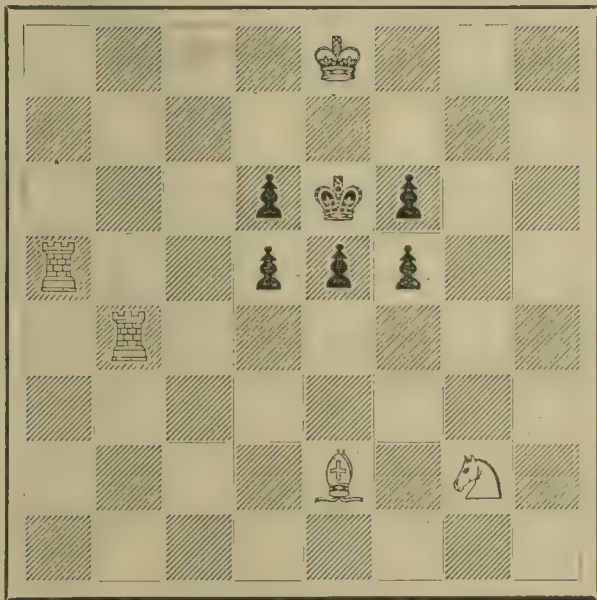
Any move

If Black play 1. Q takes R or Kt, 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch); and if 1. Kt takes B, then 2. Kt to K 8th (ch), and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2679.

By P. G. L. F.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NATAL.

Game played between Mr. X. and S. H. SAVORY.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	18. R to K sq	Kt to K 5th (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. B takes Kt	P takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. K to Kt sq	B to B 4th
4. P takes P		21. P to B 3rd	K R to K sq
Theoretically inferior to B to K Kt 5th, now generally adopted, since it opens the diagonal for Black Q B.		22. Kt to K 5th	P to K B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	23. Kt to Q B 4th	Q R to Q sq
6. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	24. Q to K B 2nd	B to R 2nd
7. Castles	P to B 3rd	25. P to K Kt 4th	P to K Kt 4th
8. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 2nd	26. B to Kt 3rd	P to K 3rd
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th	27. P to Kt 3rd	R to Q 2nd
10. P to K R 3rd	Kt takes B P	28. Kt to K 3rd	R to K B 2nd
11. B takes P (ch)	K to R sq	29. K to Kt 2nd	K to Kt sq
12. R takes Kt	B takes Kt	30. R to K B sq	K R to K B sq
13. B to Q 3rd		31. Q to K 2nd	
There seems no advantage in sacrificing the piece. If 13. R to K B sq, K takes B; 14. Kt to Kt 5th (ch), K to Kt 3rd, and Black is safe. White, however, remains with a poor game, and the exchange to the bad.		The last chance of making a better fight is now lost. Kt to B 5th was the only way to save off the evil day. After Black's excellent reply there is nothing to be done.	
14. K takes B	B takes R (ch)	32. P takes P	P to K B 4th
15. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	33. Kt takes B	B takes P
16. Q to Q 2nd	Q to Q 3rd	34. R takes R	R takes Kt
17. B to K B 4th	Q to K 2nd	35. P to K R 4th	Q to K 6th (ch)
		Forcible and correct.	
		36. Q takes Q	P takes Q (ch)
		37. K to B 2nd	P to Kt 5th
			White resigns.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. WALLACE and ESLING.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. P takes P	B takes P
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	15. B takes R P (ch)	K to Kt sq
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	16. B to K 4th	B takes B
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	17. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	18. B to B 4th	Q to Q 2nd
6. P to Q R 3rd		19. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th
Here, though somewhat aggressive, Kt to K 5th has much to commend it, following up by P to K B 4th later.		20. B to K 5th	
7. P takes P	B to K 2nd	Every move made at this period is effective, but his course is tolerably simple. The finish presents curious features.	
8. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	21. Q R to Q sq	K R to B sq
9. B to Q 3rd	Q to B 2nd	22. K R to K sq	K R to K sq
10. Kt takes Kt		23. Q to K B 4th	R to Q B 4th
The capture seems meaningless, detracting from the interest of the game.		24. B takes P	R takes P
11. Castles	K P takes Kt	25. Q to R 6th	P to B 3rd
12. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	26. R takes R	Q takes R
13. Q to B 2nd	P to B 5th	27. B takes P	Resigns

The following competitors have been selected out of a great number of entries by the local committee to take part in the great tournament at Hastings, which commences on Aug. 15. It will be seen the list includes every first-rate player living, and the meeting altogether promises to be the most interesting on record. England: Bird, Blackburne, Burn, Gunsberg, Lasker, Mason, Teichmann, and Tinsley; Germany: Tarrasch, Bardeleben, Mieses, and Walbrodt; France: Janowski; Russia: Tschigorin and Schiffrs; Austria: Marco and Schlechter; Italy: Vergani; United States: Steinitz, Albin, and Pillsbury; Canada: Pollock.

THE LADIES' COLUMN

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Elections cause so much bad and bitter feeling that it is a good thing when one is over and the time comes for following the sensible example of the North American savages, to which Longfellow refers in "Hiawatha": "Buried was the bloody hatchet, Buried was the dreadful war-club, Buried were all warlike weapons, And the war-cry was forgotten." When the struggle was over they not only laid aside their weapons but actually formally hid them in the ground, so as to indicate that all thoughts of the past strife were put away. Those of us who get too embittered or too excited in political warfare to be able to "bury the hatchet" as soon as the struggle is settled one way or the other ought to keep out of politics. It is a bad practice, both tactically and objectively considered, to impute unworthy motives to our opponents, or to pry into private life in order to argue thence to conclusions on public affairs. But if such errors are deplorable in the heat of a contest, they are inexcusable when it is over. In particular, the defeated ought to bear their blow with magnanimity, and not lose temper or kindness under it. This is one of the things that men learn generally more effectually than we do in early life. They are more trained to it by their rougher and more exposed life in boyhood. And certainly this is one of the virtues (perchance it is the only good quality) that a man gets at a public school and the university: to keep his temper and behave as if it didn't particularly hurt when he is obliged to know himself beaten by an opponent. Of course it does hurt, always; but we have to learn to bear it well if we mean to endure public life without injuring our own minds and tempers, and without justly losing the respect of our opponents. This little homily is born of experience. I have too often seen women take to heart, and personally and spitefully resent in private, difference of opinion and divergence of action in public affairs, not to desire to point out to them the importance, both to their own minds and souls, and to the causes that they hope to be allowed to help in the future, of cultivating a right spirit—one of good-humour, charity, magnanimity, and power of forgetting incidents that have been distasteful in public work.

Will this be the last election in which women will only help as camp-followers, without the power to fire off the guns on their own account? In other words, is Lord Salisbury likely to give the franchise to women? It is quite possible that he will do so. The Liberal Unionists almost to a man (Mr. Leonard Courtney the one conspicuous exception) are against the representation of women; but the Conservative majority, without the Liberal Unionists, will be strong enough to carry anything. There will undoubtedly be a Registration of Voters Bill, and in all probability a Redistribution of Seats Bill, brought in by the Government; and it is thought very probable that in these opportunities will be found for enfranchising at least some women. Women's suffrage has always had considerable Conservative support. Lord Beaconsfield was absolutely the first person to say a word in its favour in the House of Commons; and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are both its advocates. Probably, however, a Conservative Women's Suffrage would be confined to propertied ladies—it would be rather a representation of that property than an enfranchisement of women. To this, probably, the House of Lords would not object.

The representation of women in Parliament is, perhaps, commended to the Conservative mind by the recollection that in past times, when only the richer classes ventured to hope at all to influence public affairs, the women of those classes had their share of power. An important historical return was ordered by the House of Commons in 1879, giving the names of all the members of Parliament, as far as could be obtained, from the earliest times, and the constituency that each respectively had represented. From this it appeared that in at least two specific instances a member had been returned by one "great lady" alone. One of these cases was the famous close borough of Gatton, for which, in the reign of Mary Tudor, the return runs: "According to the warrant to her directed by the Sheriff, Dame Elizabeth Copley hath chosen and elected Willyam Wootton of Lincoln's Inn, and Thomas Copley of the Inner Temple, to be burgesses of the said borough of Gatton." In the next reign the right of election for an M.P. for Aylesbury was exercised alone by the lady of the manor, Dame Dorothy Pakington, who returned to the Parliament of 1572 Messrs. Thomas Lichfield (her own son-in-law) and George Burden. Lady Pakington died five years after, and probably had no second opportunity of exercising her vote. In older times still, as was shown in a very learned paper published by Mr. Sidney Smith, then Liberal Registration Agent for the City of London, women who were in their own right freeholders were voters; they appear as such in lists in the reigns of Henry III. and Henry V., while there is, I believe, no dispute as to the fact that in the earliest form of our English representative system, in which the Church so largely shared, abbesses were summoned to attend or send representatives as well as abbots.

Amateur poultry-keepers make a noisy nuisance in the more populous country districts. Cocks and hens on a farm are part of the business, away from other people's dwellings, and so inoffensive; but in the small garden of a "semi-detached rural residence" they are terrors to the community at this season of the year, when chattering finds the dawn to salute at three o'clock or thereabouts. Now, my dear lady poultry fancier in the neat villa back garden, hear the words of wisdom! The United States Government maintains at heavy expense a special Agricultural Department to examine into all questions of interest to farmers. That department last year made close and scientific experiments upon the question of how far the presence of a cock is needed in the poultry-run for the production of eggs; and it was undoubtedly proved that the average laying of the hens is greater if they be kept alone than if the boastful male bird be present. "Settings" guaranteed fertile can be easily purchased, if desired, so that it is quite inexcusable to worry your neighbours in the small hours, and your neighbours' visitors with tired city brains seeking a brief repose and quiet slumber in the peaceful country, by having a cock crowing in your back garden!



## THE "LIFE OF CHRIST" FOUND IN TIBET.

## THE LAMAS OF TIBET.

The story told by M. Notovitch of his finding a strange and garbled "Life of Christ" in a Tibetan Lamasery naturally produced grave doubts as to its accuracy. Professor Max Müller rejected the tale, and the correspondence that has since appeared rather confirms than removes the suspicions that were at first expressed. The letter of Mr. F. B. Shawe, the Moravian missionary at Leh, questions the truth of almost every detail in the



A LAMA, WITH PRAYING-WHEEL.

account which M. Notovitch has published. The interest of the subject is so important that an official inquiry is said to have been instituted; if this is correct, we must wait for its report before assuming a definite conclusion on the matter. It is due to M. Notovitch to add that he has since announced his intention of again visiting Tibet, so that he may be able to procure more satisfactory evidence.

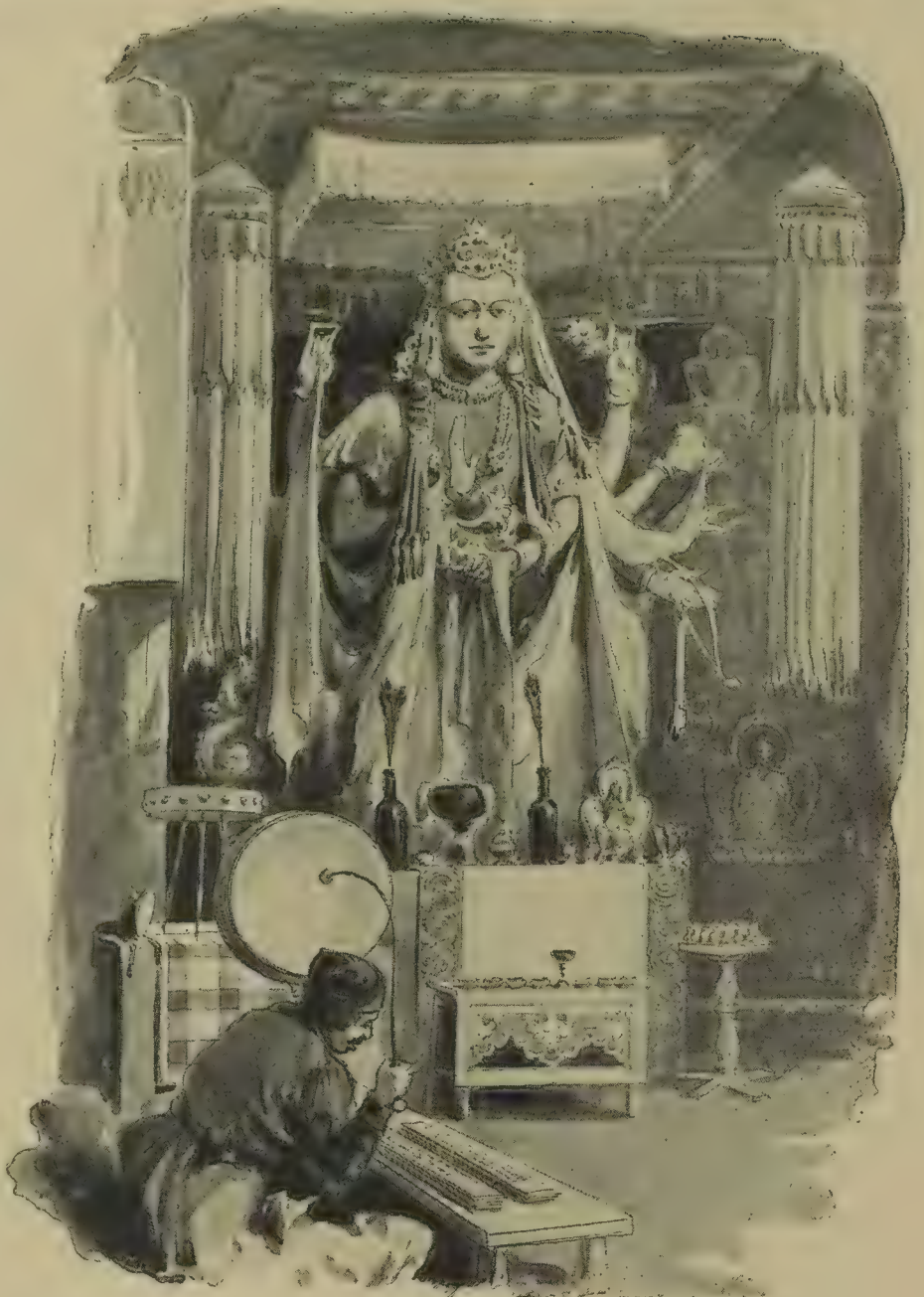
The Lamasery of Hemis, where the "Life" was said to have been found, is situated on the left bank of the Indus, about twenty miles above Leh, and is a place of note among the monasteries of Tibet. It so chanced that I paid a passing visit to it when travelling in that part of the world as far back as 1861. The most striking thing that I noticed was a long row of praying-wheels, or cylinders—for they are like barrels—in the courtyard of the place, so arranged that the monks, or anyone passing, could turn each with the hand while walking along. Two nights before my visit to Hemis, at Ghia, there was a praying-barrel turned by a water-wheel, making a clicking sound at each turn, which I could hear when I chanced to wake during the night, for my tent had been pitched within a few yards of it. In some of the monasteries there are very large ones, which the monks turn by means of a crank. There are small ones, made of brass, which the monks can carry in the hand, and whirl as they walk, or while conversing. In some parts of Tibet these barrels are turned by windmills. It was a form of these curious wheels, or barrels, that Carlyle christened "The Rotatory Calabash." Their real character is now understood, but it would require a long article to give a full explanation; it may be sufficient here to say that the intention of their use is connected with "praise" rather than with "prayer."

They have very long and elaborate services in these Lamaseries, in which they twirl their *manies*, or praying-wheels, ring bells, beat drums, and blow through very long trumpets. The service lasts so long that they regale themselves with tea. This is a dreadful concoction, made with grease, and often a few vegetables are thrown in, forming something like soup. I have had to drink

this queer compound. While sketching in one of these monasteries when the Lamas were at service, a cup of tea was at times brought to me, and as the monks were always very good-natured and civil, I was afraid to offend by refusing the tea, and had to appear as if I relished it. Behind the altar there is generally a colossal figure of some Buddhist saint, clothed with bright-coloured garments, and strips of gaudy silk hanging round. On more than one altar I noticed seven small brass cups with what seemed to be water in them: these suggested some form of symbolism, but any attempt at discovering the meaning was prevented owing to want of familiarity with the language. It was amusing to find European bottles arranged upon some of the altars—these evidently having been thrown away as "Dead Marines" by sahibs when travelling through the country. In the illustration given with this of an altar in a Lama temple at Leh, two French brandy bottles, with peacock's feathers in them, are prominently visible. In one Lamasery that I visited, the Lamas pointed with pride to a bottle on the altar, with a brilliant label in gold and colours, on which there was a cat with the words "Old Tom."

The large number of monasteries in Tibet is a surprise to some travellers, but anyone who has made himself acquainted with India during the Buddhist period will be familiar with the existence of the same monastic system, which filled that country with institutions of a similar kind. "The land glittered with the yellow robes"—yellow was the colour worn by the Buddhist monks in India, as it is at the present day in Ceylon—and it was in these words that the triumphs of Buddhism, in its success over Brahminism, were at first described. Buddhist monasteries, with crowds of monks, were to be found all over India as late as the seventh century.

It is generally supposed that in the East many wives is the rule, but there seems to have existed an older custom of one wife and a number of husbands. This rule still exists in Tibet, and it has been suggested as a reason that might explain the abundance of monks. A family generally gives one of its sons as a Lama, because when the eldest son marries, the woman becomes the wife of all the brothers, and the Lamasery is supposed to be the means of



ALTAR IN LAMA TEMPLE AT LEH.

reducing the quantity of husbands. This explanation fails, for it is well known that polyandry was an ancient practice in many parts of the world; and we know from the "Mahabharata" that it was at one time the custom in India. In that old epic we are told that the Five Pandu Brothers married one wife. This, it may be said, is only legendary, but legends generally adhere to the habits, and even the laws, of the region at the time they came into existence. We have another, and perhaps a more direct, evidence; and that is that polyandry was the custom in Ceylon down to the early part of the present century. This peculiar marriage system was not confined to Tibet, and its existence there at the present day does not explain much. Tibet, like other mountain regions, has not been influenced to a great extent by the action of conquest or migration, and many of its rites and customs have long remained untouched by the usual causes of mutation. It is this condition of things which gives to that country in the present day a special interest to the archaeologist and the student of folk-lore.

Tibet is now likely to become what may be called the newest "rage" for the more adventurous tourists. Already a number of men have lately travelled in that bleak and dangerous region. Rockhill and Littledale have passed through, adding thereby to our knowledge. Surgeon Waddell has sojourned among the Lamas in order to learn from them. Bonvalot, Younghusband, and Bower have made daring journeys across Tibet; the latest news from that quarter being the murder of a French traveller. The latest of all is the return of the Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., who has managed to visit the Pamirs by a rapid run during the Parliamentary vacation. With such achievements as examples, it is easy to guess that others will follow, and we shall soon be as familiar with Tibet as we are with Charing Cross.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.



PRAYING-WHEELS IN THE LAMASERY OF HEMIS, NEAR LEH, WHERE THE "LIFE OF CHRIST" IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND.



# *Santa Cruz de Tenerife Exhibition, 1894.*

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Although the elections, with all their excitement and hard work both for candidates and canvassers, may have closed the theatres for the holidays sooner than usual this year, it is quite certain that the result of the polls has, as in other departments of life and business, put fresh vigour and energy into the administration of our public amusements. I never remember a year when theatres closed so early in the season, or when on all sides has been heard such a premature ringing up of the curtain. "Clear! clear!" that is the cry to-day. It is a case of "All in and ready to begin." Somehow or other a storm seems to have passed away, and the theatrical atmosphere has been cleared. A few short years of bitter experience have proved that the diseased drama is on the wane, and no encouragement whatever has been given by the public to our most brilliant and clever authors to play and coquet with subjects that, in the matter of amusement, are far better left alone. I can see no sign whatever that the morbid interest taken for the moment in analytical studies of the sexes by a cultured and whimsical minority has "smashed up" the drama of any decade, period, or age. Now, as ever, the people who patronise the play want to be interested, excited, and amused. They know that the life they see on the stage is not real life, exact, minute, and microscopic, but a very plausible view of it; and if the dramatist can happily blend the minor with the major chords of life so much the better for the dramatist and the success of his work, which, if not destined to please, is doomed to fail. If people want sermons there are plenty of churches in which they are admirably and eloquently preached; if they want lectures on morbid anatomy and hereditary disease doubtless they can obtain admission to the theatres of the general hospitals; but, as far as one can see, the new season about to dawn will bring back the old and well-tried unionist party of wholesome sentiment and honest fun.

The genius of a Pinero and the fascinating personality of a Mrs. Patrick Campbell may startle into brief existence a "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and tempt the curious into a kind of wizard's parlour, full of mysterious signs and hieroglyphics, where they sit awe-struck by the dramatist and enchanted by the actress. The daring ambition of a Henry Arthur Jones, enthusiast and experimentalist, may tempt him from the flowered paths of the drama he has so gracefully adorned into a hemlock-hedged garden, trampled over by the soiled shoes of wilful Sally Lebrune. Younger men of talent like Mr. Haddon Chambers may be lured away by false guides and prophets into the murky gloom where dwells a "John-a-Dreams" family. But, honestly, do these plays, clever as they are, daring as they may be, replete with opportunities for the actor and the actress, give that pleasure of relief and relaxation and contemplation which is the primary mission of the drama? If playgoers were polled would they not sooner vote for the splendid resignation of a martyred Becket; for the exquisitely minute but never painful study of senility and second childhood in the Waterloo veteran; for the

clean and honest tone in "The Home Secretary"; for the buoyant, wholesome chivalry and patriotism contained in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," where there is a lump in the throat at one minute and a volley of laughter the next; for domestic sweetness and purity, the pretty English girls and the manly young fellows brought to light in "The Prude's Progress"; and for genuine untainted comedy the excellent fooling so brilliantly exhibited in "The Passport"? These are the kind of plays that have once more put the unionists into power; and in the next dramatic Parliament they will be, if I mistake not, well to the front restoring lost confidence.

A singularly ill-timed, and to my mind illiberal and prejudiced, article appears in this month's *Theatre*, which has for once abandoned its genial, sympathetic, and courteous tone. The author of "Shakspeare Mutilated Anew," who has not the pluck to sign his name, makes a deliberate and unjustifiable attack on Mr. Augustin Daly, first of all, for daring to produce Shakspeare at all, and secondly, for rearranging and altering the text of his plays for public representation, a task which has been performed with more or less success by the Kembles, Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready, Samuel Phelps, Charles Kean, and last, but not least, Henry Irving, who has proved himself one of the most skilful rearrangers of stage classics of the century. But then, Sir Henry Irving happens to be an Englishman, he is not branded with the so-called curse of being a foreigner or an American, and he is permitted by the indignant writer in the *Theatre* to do unscathed exactly the things for which Mr. Augustin Daly is unmercifully lashed. What is sauce for the goose is in this case certainly not sauce for the gander.

I will give a few choice specimens of the anonymous writer's invective. He is talking of Mr. Daly's sacrilege in daring to arrange "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" for the stage. He says, "All this undoubtedly goes to show that the comedy is, from a dramatic point of view, a weak piece of work enough, and not of a sort calculated to interest or attract the public; but although that may afford an excellent, and, indeed, a quite unquestionable reason for leaving it alone altogether, it does not in any way excuse or justify Mr. Daly's audacity in making it the basis of a mere hash or hotch-potch of a variety entertainment as unworthy the legitimate stage as it is cynically derogatory to the memory of Shakspeare." Exactly the same thing was said of Henry Irving when he produced a version of the "Faust" of Goethe. It was called a hash, a medley, an opera, a pantomime, or what not, and the manager of the Lyceum was roundly abused for not leaving "Faust" alone. A singularly unselfish proceeding, surely. Thousands upon thousands of playgoers delighted in the Lyceum "Faust," and turned with zest to the true text of Goethe, and hundreds upon hundreds enjoyed the Daly version of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which would have been a dramatic impossibility without careful revision and reconstruction.

Of course, our anonymous writer must have his fling at the critics, particularly those who do not bend the knee to one actor, one manager, and one actress, and who conceive that an Irving and Ellen Terry, a Daly and an Ada

Rehan can live in the same hemisphere without disturbing the dramatic universe. Listen to the peroration of our indignant scribe, who calls down the vengeance of Heaven on anyone who dares to touch Shakspeare, or to know Shakspeare, or to love Shakspeare unless he were born in this little island of ours—

"And this is the completest Shaksperian revival that has ever graced our stage; this is the work of a man with a deep love of Shakspeare and a strong desire to 'bring back to the stage all the poetry' and all the rest of it! No, as a lover of Shakspeare, as an intelligent producer—to put it no higher—of Shakspeare's plays, Mr. Daly is naught. It would be well if the critics generally would take to heart the severe but perfectly just contribution to the consideration of this question which appeared in the *Saturday Review* over the well-known initials of Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is not possible that those among them who are worth their salt do not know that as a Shaksperian manager Mr. Daly is absolutely incompetent—and worse. Why don't they say so?"

This is the kind of antediluvian "bunkum" which, had it been endorsed by the public voice, would have prevented all stage progress since 1860. If all foreigners had been warned off English Shaksperian soil we should have had no Fechter for Hamlet, no Salvini as Othello, no Rossi as Romeo, no Edwin Booth as Iago, no John McCullough as Coriolanus, no Mounet-Sully as Hamlet, and we should certainly have been denied every one of the beautiful Shaksperian revivals at the Lyceum, since for every one of them Henry Irving did exactly what Augustin Daly has done for "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In a word, he has made them palatable and presentable. The sin is where Shakspeare's text is added to or altered, not when his plays are reconstructed and pieced with other plays and songs. There is much in both these last plays that I regret to see omitted. But it is a case of blue pencil or no Shakspeare. If these then be botched, mangled, and disgraceful productions, then I infinitely prefer them to no Shakspeare at all. But when such words as "impertinence" are used, then I think the impertinence is to tell Mr. Augustin Daly to get back to his German plays with Ada Rehan at his side, the finest Katharine ever seen, and one of the best Rosalinds and Violas of our time! Truly, acting is a jealous art, and it contains many Sir Oracles who will not allow any other dog to bark in their street.

Promenade concerts have been arranged by Mr. Robert Newman to take place in Queen's Hall, and probably they will commence on Aug. 10. Many popular singers, including Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Watkin Mills, Madame Alice Gomez, and Mr. Iver McKay have been engaged, as well as several instrumentalists.

EAST COAST ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.—The Great Northern, North-Eastern, and North British Railways, forming the East Coast route to Scotland, announce that from to-day their 7.30 p.m. Scotch express will arrive at Edinburgh at 3.15 a.m. Further improvement has also been made in the 8 p.m. special Scotch express, and this train will arrive in Edinburgh at 3.30 a.m., Perth 4.44 a.m., Dundee 4.47 a.m., and Aberdeen 6.25 a.m., the journey from London to Aberdeen being now performed in 10 hours and 25 minutes.

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AND THEN YOU CAN'T COME UP AGAIN.

NATURE'S PLUCK MEANS EXTERMINATION."

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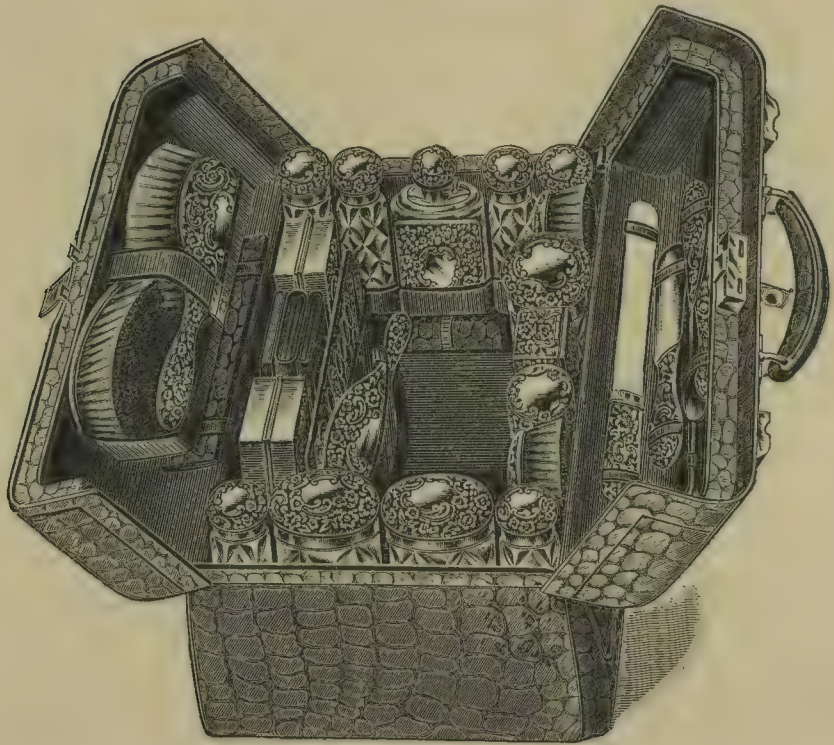
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust, disposition, and settlement, and codicils (dated respectively Dec. 20, 1881, Nov. 16, 1891, and Dec. 12, 1892) of the Right Hon. George Philip Stuart, Earl of Moray, who died at 4, York Street, St. James's, on March 16, granted to William Brown, William Maitland Stewart, John Philip Wood, and William Babington, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £852,297.

The will (dated July 4, 1893), with two codicils (dated July 12, 1893, and June 9, 1894), of Mr. Charles Bartholomew, C.E., formerly of Broxholme, Doncaster, and late of Castle Hill House, Ealing, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on July 18 by Charles William Bartholomew, the son, the Rev. Charles Frederick Cumber West, and Richard Donald Bain, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £290,955. The testator gives £500 to the Mildmay Conference Hall; his leasehold property at Sheffield, his freehold estate, Blakesley Hall, Northamptonshire, £10,000, 622 £100 shares in the Wombwell Main Company, and 3005 £20 shares in the Edmunds and Swaithe Collieries Company, to his son Charles William Bartholomew; £4000 to his son-in-law, the Rev. Charles Frederick Cumber West, and £1000 to his wife; £6000 to go with the second moiety of his residuary estate; the advowson of the Rectory of Darfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to his son Charles William for life, and then to his grandson, Francis Charles Bartholomew West; all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages at Castle Hill, Blakesley, and Broxholme, to his said son and grandson and his granddaughter, Winifred Susan Bartholomew West, to be equally divided between them; a freehold house at Ealing each to his said grandson and granddaughter; and numerous other bequests. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety upon trust for his son Charles William for life, then for his children or issue as he shall appoint, and in default of appointment, to his children equally. Should his son die without issue, then one-half of this first moiety is to go to the children and grandchildren of his (testator's)

brother James, his great-niece, Mrs. Buckle, and his nephews, Thomas Curnock Bartholomew, Charles Bartholomew, and John Bartholomew; and the other half of the first moiety as his said son shall appoint. As to the second moiety of his residuary real and personal estate, plus the special legacy of £6000, one-half is to be held upon trust for his granddaughter, Winifred Susan Bartholomew West, and one-half upon trust for his grandson, Francis Charles Bartholomew West.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1895) of Mr. Alfred Cox, J.P., formerly of Presdales, Ware, Herts, and late of 28, Park Crescent, Portland Place, who died on May 2, was proved on July 13 by Mrs. Alice Gardiner Cox, the widow, Alfred Glanville Cox, and Lewis Latham Cox, the sons, and David Yule Johnstone, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £144,054. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, articles of household use or ornament, horses, carriages, wines, and household stores to his wife; his residence in Park Crescent, with the stables and £50,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then to pay £5000 each to or upon trust for his children, Alfred Glanville, Lewis Latham, Stephen, Clement Henry, Frederick Edward, Alice Mary, Clara Sybil, and Winifred Betty, and the remainder thereof to his said children as his wife shall appoint. He makes up the portion of his son Alfred Glanville with what he has advanced him in his lifetime to £20,000; and gives £1000 and various freehold and leasehold properties and mortgage securities to his son Lewis Latham; £15,000 each to or upon trust for his sons Stephen, Clement Henry, and Frederick Edward; £9000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Alice Mary, Clara Sybil, and Winifred Betty; and £20 each to Annie Roberts and his head coachman, Henry Farrell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, Alfred Glanville, Lewis Latham, and Stephen, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 10, 1895) of Sir Samuel Wilson, Kt., D.L., of 10, Grosvenor Square, and of Ercildoune, in the colony of Victoria, who died on June 11, was proved on July 17 by Herbert Haydon Wilson, the son, and Andrew Agnew Ralston, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £134,181. The testator bequeaths a legacy of £200, and an annuity of £1000 to his

wife; £50,000 each to his daughters, Adeline Constance and Florence Mabel; £1500 for the erection of a family vault and monument; and all his silver, plate, and family portraits to his son Gordon Chesney Wilson. The residue of his real and personal estate whatsoever, subject as to the Yanko estate, New South Wales, to the sums covenanted to be paid by him in the marriage settlement of his daughter Maud Margaret with the Earl of Huntingdon, he leaves to his sons, Wilfrid Campbell Wilson, Clarence Chesney Wilson, and Herbert Haydon Wilson, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1895) of Mr. William Jonadab Turney, J.P., of The Heath House, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, leather and parchment manufacturer, who died on March 24, was proved on July 20 by Mrs. Hannah Turney, the widow, and Randle Lamb Mathews, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £77,985. The testator bequeaths £500 and his wines and consumable and household stores to his wife; his residence and £20 per week to his wife for life, or until her second marriage; and £10,000 to his grandson, James Turney Mathews, if and when he shall attain twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares, the children of any deceased child to take the share their parent would have taken if living. Power is given to his trustees to carry on his business, and if his son-in-law, Randle Lamb Mathews, devotes his whole time and attention to it, he is to have one-half of the net profits; and if the business is sold to a public company, he is to have one-third of the amount paid for the goodwill.

The will (dated March 14, 1894) of Mr. Frederick Dumergue, of 83, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, barrister-at-law, who died on June 19, was proved on July 13 by Thomas Warren Crosse, and Edwin Frederick Hill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £68,432. The testator bequeaths £2000 and his furniture and effects (except a few articles specifically bequeathed) to his wife, Mrs. Marie Adeline Dumergue; and legacies to his executors, cousin (Miss Wilcox), late clerk, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death he gives many considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, great nephews and nieces, and others; and the

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ultimate residue to his nephews and nieces, and their issue as his wife shall appoint. In default of appointment, the ultimate residue is to go to his niece Constance Noble, and the children of his brother Edward in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1888), with five codicils (dated June 27, 1890; April 15, 1891; Dec. 29, 1892; and March 30 and Sept. 9, 1894, of Miss Clara Catherine Warren, formerly of 12, Southwick Crescent, and late of 32, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on June 28, was proved on July 15 by George Deedes Warry, Q.C., Mrs. Florence Annette Allen, the niece, and Samuel Jeffery McKee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £43,326. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Taunton and Somerset Hospital (Taunton); £300 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the purposes of their life-boat at Ramsgate; and many pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, executors, friends, tenant, companion, and servants. The residue of her personal estate (including chattels real) she gives to her nieces, Jessie Louisa Meade, Catherine Emily Warry,

and Florence Annette Allen, in equal shares. All her freehold hereditaments in the parishes of Middlezoy and Sedgemoor, near Bridgwater, and all other her real estate, she leaves to her nieces Catherine Emily Warry and Florence Annette Allen, as tenants in common in fee.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1895) of Mr. John Bell Sedgwick, J.P., of 1, St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, who died on June 3, was proved on July 17 by Thomas Lambert Mears, LL.D., the nephew, and Lieutenant-Colonel William Sedgwick, R.E., the cousin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,328. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Albemarle Street, in aid of the fund for the Promotion of Experimental Research in that institution; £200 to Middlesex Hospital; £100 to St. Marylebone Charity School for Girls, Marylebone Road; £7000 to the said Thomas Lambert Mears; £500 to the said William Sedgwick; and legacies to other of his relatives and to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he

leaves to the said Thomas Lambert Mears and William Sedgwick in equal shares.

The will of Mr. John Tasker Evans, of Upton Castle, Pembrokehire, who died on May 21, was proved on June 29 by Captain Richard Evans, R.N., and John Tasker Evans, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,479.

The will and four codicils of Mr. Allen Allcocke Young, J.P., D.L., of Orlingbury, Northamptonshire, who died on May 21, were proved on July 9 by the Rev. Henry Elliot Delmé Radcliffe and Arthur Harvey Thurstby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3625.

The will and codicil of Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Allan Bank, Grasmere, Westmorland, of the New Travellers' Club, Piccadilly, and 33, Bloemfontein Road, Shepherd's Bush, barrister-at-law, J.P. for Westmorland, Cumberland, and Lancashire, who died on June 15, were proved on July 16 by George Cipriani Bond, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1123.

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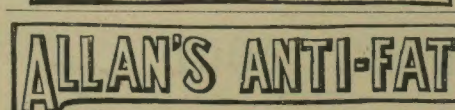


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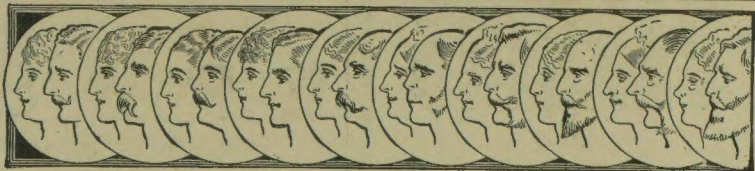
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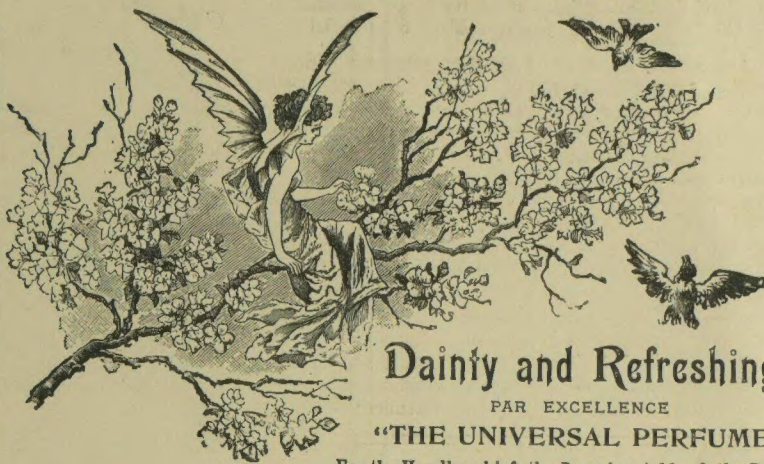
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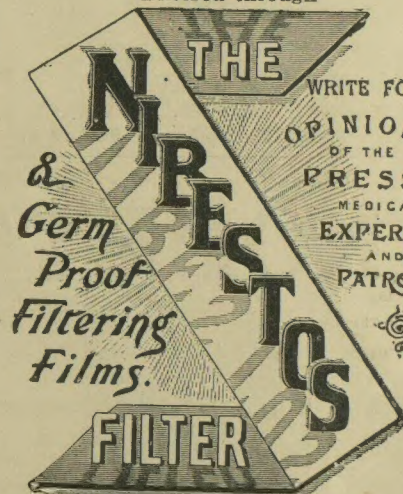
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